

THE *Sign*

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



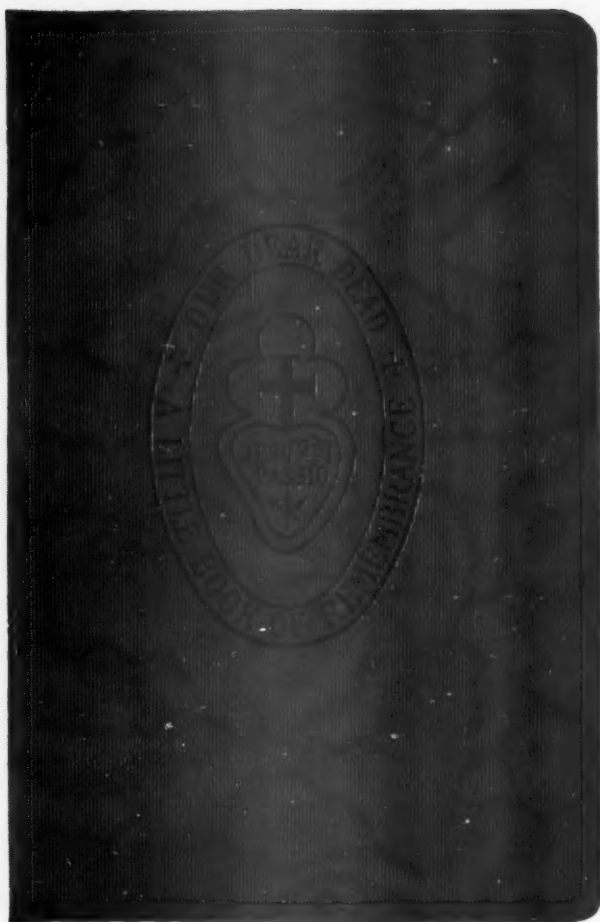
Mexico's President and the Church

November 1942

By W. White

Price 20c

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THE SIGN

Union City, N. J.

Personal Mention

► John W. White has lived in Latin America for the past twenty-five years. He has been a correspondent for the Associated Press, *Chicago Tribune* and *Daily News*, and the *New York Times*. In addition to his newspaper work he served for three years in the United States Consular Service. At present he is in Mexico, as correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*.



The religious situation in our sister republic south of the Rio Grande has been an acute one for years. Mr. White tells us of the efforts of President Camacho to solve the difficulty in his article: *Mexico's President and The Church*.

► A Mother Faces The War—millions of American women find themselves in this position. Mary B. Clapp, with rare spiritual insight and deep religious faith, speaks to the Catholic mothers of our boys in the Armed Service. Herself a mother of eight children—four sons and four daughters—she knows the lot of womankind in the present world crisis.



Mrs. Clapp is the widow of the late President of Montana State University, at which institution she is instructor in English, and gives a course in Backgrounds of Irish Literature during Summer Session and through the Extension Division by correspondence.

► Major General Paul B. Malone, soldier, author, lecturer, retired from the United States Army after more than forty-five years of military service. He graduated from West Point, saw service in Cuba, the Philippines, in France during the World War as commander of the 23rd Infantry; as a Brigadier General he was in command of the 10th Brigade 5th Division in both the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. The place of *Air Power in Modern Warfare* is a burning question. General Malone gives an expert opinion on actual warfare use of this adjunct of modern fighting forces.



THE Sign



Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

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Cover photo, Piaget, St. Louis—Mexican scene

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Editorial

Congress and Our Liberties

ON NOVEMBER 3, the American people will go to the polls to elect a new Congress. This election will take place at one of the most critical periods in our history.

Congress has always been the butt of adverse criticism, but never in the history of our government has that criticism been so severe. Never before has Congress fallen so low in popular estimation.

Editors, columnists, and radio commentators have given voice to a general sentiment in accusing it of laziness, logrolling, political intrigues, ignorance, folly, and incompetence.

CRITICISM reached a climax in columnist Raymond Clapper's declaration that "Congress has remained a collection of two-cent politicians who could serve well enough in simpler days. But the ignorance and provincialism of Congress renders it incapable of meeting the needs of modern government." And this columnist goes on to say that people don't care "what the average Senator or Representative says because they know what you hear in Congress is ninety-nine per cent tripe, ignorance, and demagoguery."

Sad to say, many of these accusations are true. Individual members have been guilty of practically every fault of which they have been accused, but it must be admitted in the interests of fairness that some of the mud thrown at Congress would stick to the executive branch as easily.

It is undoubtedly true that many Congressmen have placed their own interests, or those of a particular section or group, above the general welfare. Of the 531 members few are men of outstanding ability. Some of them would not be admitted to the board of directors of a large business firm, and yet they are called on to vote on matters that affect the destinies of our country and of the world. The responsibility for this situation lies with the voters.

FURTHERMORE, while the executive branch uses the services of experts, members of Congress for the most part rely on their own native intelligence. Of seventy-six congressional committees, few have any special qualifications for the matters they must consider. Members are selected for political reasons, and chairmanship is a matter of seniority.

And yet Congress—the legislative power—is the basis of our democracy. It passes the laws for the

executive to enforce and the courts to interpret. As long as the power to make laws continues to reside in the duly elected legislative body, democracy is safe. When that power passes into the hands of the executive, dictatorship takes hold. That is what happened in Germany and Italy.

IN BOTH these countries democracy died in a time of crisis. People lost confidence in the slow-moving, inefficient methods of legislative bodies and placed their faith in bold and truculent "leaders." When they realized the consequences of their step it was too late to go back. They were already bound hand and foot by the Frankenstein they had created.

The war has accelerated the rate at which executive power is increasing at the expense of legislative. Our daily lives are becoming more and more dependent on the decisions of a few officials appointed by the executive. Furthermore, the successes of the dictatorships have increased the ideological challenge of totalitarianism. There are already many collectivists among us who, while giving lip service to democratic forms, secretly admire the efficiency of the dictators.

IN TIME of war it is necessary to centralize power in the hands of the Executive—and there is abundant precedent for it in our history. But unless we keep faith in Congress as our sole legislative body and as the bulwark of our liberties, we shall find that after winning the war on the field of battle we shall have lost it in a deeper and more permanent sense. This body, as an institution, is not outmoded, unless government by the people, rather than by a dictator, is outmoded. It is our privilege—and sometimes our duty—to criticize, but we should exercise that privilege in a manner that will not lessen the faith of the American people in an institution which is the guardian of their liberties.

We shall get the kind of men we vote for on November 3, and we should remember that criticism of Congress is ultimately a criticism of those who vote—and of those who neglect to vote on that day.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

ON THE eve of the thirty-first Chinese National anniversary, announcement was made by the State Department in Washington that the United States and Great

For Friendship With China

Britain will undertake negotiations for the relinquishment of extraterritorial and related rights and privileges in China. Extraterritoriality, or "extrality" as it is called in the Far East, removes a foreigner from the jurisdiction of the courts of a nation. American extraterritorial rights in China have been in effect since 1844. Whatever circumstances may have prompted their use, the reasons for their existence have long disappeared. As we wrote in these pages years ago, it was inevitable that these rights should be abolished.

Complete abrogation of extraterritorial rights in China will be a long step in the right direction. Whatever advantages the British or ourselves receive from these rights are offset by the fact that they are completely outmoded and offer an affront to the national pride of one of our greatest and most trusted allies.

The Chinese people received the news with great rejoicing. The Chinese realize that with the abrogation of extraterritorial rights they will finally assume their rightful place as a sovereign nation, the equal of the United States and Britain as a member of the United Nations.

As Dr. Wei Taoming, Chinese Ambassador to the United States, said: "The announcement marks a new era in China's relations with the Western powers. On the part of the United States it is a timely action which is entirely consistent with her traditional policy toward China and serves formally to seal the end of an outdated and outworn system."

Certainly this step will aid in strengthening the bond of esteem between our people and the Chinese. Once again the United States has proven that its only concern is for the freedom of all peoples, not for conquest.

WENDELL WILLKIE's visit to Moscow and his subsequent statements, together with Stalin's written interview granted to an American correspondent, have further

Premier Stalin and a Second Front

increased discussion of the second front. One could discuss this subject until doomsday and never arrive at an intelligent conclusion with the information now at the disposal of the public. The opening of a second front is a question which must be solved by military experts, and it is stupid to exert pressure on them in an effort to force them to do what may be contrary to their judgment.

In any case, it is peculiarly inept for Premier Stalin to complain that "the aid of the Allies to the Soviet Union has so far been little effective. In order to amplify and improve this aid only one thing is required: that the Allies fulfill their obligations fully and on time."

Mr. Stalin's memory is evidently very short. He seems to forget that the war in which he is now engaged was unleashed on Europe and the world by the perfidious pact that he entered into with Germany at a time when he was keeping up the pretense of negotiating a pact with Britain and France. What the Russians are suffering now on the Volga is but the backfire of a gun which they helped Hitler aim at the democracies. Stalin would have a second front now, and France would not be lying prostrate under the heel of a conqueror, if it had not been for his own actions in 1939 and 1940. If Stalin's pact with the Nazis was merely a stall to gain time, as his apologists tell us, then he should know what it means to need time to prepare. Furthermore, it would be of untold benefit to us if the Reds were to open a second front in Asia against the Japanese. We have not called on them to do it because, among other reasons, we know that their armies are occupied elsewhere. Stalin should exercise the same forbearance regarding a second front in Europe.

It would be difficult indeed not to admire the heroism of the Russian people in defending their land. We Americans are agreed that we should help them with every means in our power to thrust the invader from their soil. But that admiration and that help will not be augmented by scoldings from the man who, by his pact with Hitler, has done so much to get us all into the mess we are in today.

MANY readers of THE SIGN who have followed for years the activities of our missionaries in China have inquired frequently about wartime conditions in our missions.

Our Missionaries Remain in China

At the present time we know that Most Rev. Cuthbert M. O'Gara, C.P., is back in China, but no word has been received about his arrival in our Vicariate of Yüanling. His Excellency was released by the Japanese authorities and permitted to return to his charge after spending six months at a Concentration Camp in Hong Kong. At the same time two American Passionists, fellow prisoners of the bishop, were refused permission to accompany him and were returned to the United States. These are trying days, indeed, for all foreign missionaries in the Orient. Six of our priests are now in Peiping; five of them are attending the language school at the Catholic University there. The

Japanese have allowed them to continue their classes, but have forbidden them to leave the city. The services of these needed missionaries will be missed in Hunan, where the work has increased tremendously owing to the influx of almost countless refugees into our territory.

Twenty-four American Passionists are still in Free China. Although our Vicariate is not in the zone of actual warfare, it has not escaped the terrors of bombings. Two of our missions have suffered heavily, the central station at Yüanling, and the other at Chihkiang.

The German Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, who worked in the Province of Kweichow, have been interned by the Chinese. At the present time Father Marcellus White, C.P., has been using his good influences to secure their release and in the meanwhile is endeavoring to supply in some manner for the spiritual needs of a land left without priests.

American Sisters of Charity from Convent Station, N. J., and the Sisters of St. Joseph from Baden in the diocese of Pittsburgh are still working in our mission fields. Schools are open, and when air raid sirens are silent, teaching goes on as usual. Frequently classes must be suspended, or conducted in the nearby mountains in the comparative safety afforded by the countryside. The tasks of the good Sisters have been multiplied a thousandfold, due to the number of homeless who have come in unbelievable numbers into our territory. Hospital facilities are woefully inadequate. Shelters for the strangers, orphans, and aged have been arranged but in a manner which taxed the ingenuity of American resourcefulness and Catholic charity. Yet the work somehow goes on.

Physical health is worn down by mental cares, worries, and anxieties. And of these there are plenty. But the few letters that are now being received still reveal the magnificent spirit of the entire mission personnel, a spirit which so eloquently bears testimony to the zeal and self-sacrifice of both priests and Sisters.

We are certain that the radiogram recently received by the Apostolic Delegate from His Holiness, Pope Pius XII aptly applies to our missionaries in Yüanling and to our readers who have generously aided them: "With greatest esteem and a special love both for our dear missionaries, who, in spite of the present upheaval, endeavor to spread the Kingdom of Christ, and for the faithful who, with most praiseworthy generosity and unflagging zeal, help the missions, we beg God to bless them and their labors and to fill them with peace and joy. With all our heart we bless them."

NO ONE who lived through the Flu days of the first World War can forget the many harrowing details of that dread scourge, which overtaxed health facilities, hospitals, doctors, and nurses.

The Need For More Doctors

Then, the wholesale ordering of coffins by the Government was not enemy propaganda but sober reality. The present overwhelming demands made on our transportation facilities threatens to make the coming winter a dangerous one in the colder temperatures of our nation. We are being cautioned about the unnecessary use of fuel, either of coal or oil, because serious delay may be forthcoming in their delivery. The country can ill afford an epidemic of any kind. Sickness can seriously

impede the activities of both armed forces and workers. The country must be concerned about health.

Public health authorities are worrying about a shortage of doctors. The demand of the Army and Navy for more physicians and surgeons has caused grave concern. No one fails to understand the needs of the armed forces, the expanding needs as more and more men enlist and are drafted. Civilian care cannot be overlooked. In many a neighborhood at the present writing it is difficult to secure the home attendance of a doctor. Older men whose practice is large cannot answer all the calls made on them because someone's family doctor is now in the Army. In many cases it is not a question of inability to pay a required fee, it is simply the shortage of physicians, and the fact that only a definite number of patients can be treated in a normal day's routine.

Medical colleges are striving to meet the danger by speeding up their courses, and through more intensive work during a shortened period of training, graduate students six months ahead of their former schedules. A great help to solve the problem of doctor-shortage will be a national awareness of the possible danger facing the country in this regard. An understanding charity in dealing with overworked doctors will lessen the unnecessary demands made on their time, skill, and patience. A more perfect fulfillment of the obligations of the Fifth Commandment, which includes a reasonable care of one's health, will prevent in many instances the need of professional medical assistance.

SINCE the days of the late General Mitchell the American public has read many statements about the place and value of the airplane in modern warfare. For years

Air Power and Modern Warfare

the question was regarded more in the light of theoretic dispute than of practical utility. Commercial aviation seemed far more important than the use of planes in war. A large percentage of travelers had become air-minded. Even those who still used the older means of journeying found a fascination and enjoyment in visiting a large modern airport, if not to fly, at least to see others arrive and depart.

Then came the rise of Hitler and eventually another world war. The place of the airplane in a conflict was rudely taken out of the field of theorizing. Actual use in battles on land and sea brought the question of air power before the attention of millions of readers in the daily press of all countries throughout the world. Protagonists of air power in this country, notably Major Alexander P. De Seversky and William B. Ziff, put into book form their ideas on the subject. In no time their publishers were forced to order reprintings, so great was the interest of the reading public in the matter. This trend has been reflected by the publication of many magazine articles by the same authors.

The Editors of THE SIGN asked Major General Paul B. Malone, Army of the United States (retired), to write an article on the subject, to evaluate the place air power holds in the present struggle. No one wishes the needless prolongation of the present war. Will air power alone be the deciding factor in winning the conflict? Or is air power but one unit of the total combat force needed to gain a complete victory? A recognized authority answers these questions in this issue on page 207.

THROUGH the action of Congress and the President, we have won the first battle in the war against inflation—but it is only the first battle. It would be foolish to

sit back now and think that the danger of inflation has passed. So far, the root of the evil has been untouched. The

Stemming the Tide of Inflation

President's executive order, by stabilizing wages, salaries, and prices, will prevent any further great increase in purchasing power, but it will do nothing to reduce the great excess of purchasing power that already exists. That excess will act as a constant force to produce an inflationary upswing.

Wages and salaries this year in the United States will amount to \$75,000,000,000, an increase of 71 per cent over 1939. Farm income will mount to \$15,000,000,000. Total national income payments will be \$115,000,000,000, whereas they were only \$70,000,000,000 in 1939. And yet, with more money to spend on civilian goods than ever before in our history, we shall have available for purchase only that amount of goods which we had in 1932, at the depth of the depression. In other words, the American people will have nearly \$30,000,000,000 to spend and nothing to spend it on.

Either this money will have to be siphoned off through taxation and the purchase of war bonds, or it will act as a constant force threatening to break through the dam which has been erected to stem the tide of inflation.

OBVIOUS facts are sometimes overlooked simply because they are obvious. Wartime thinking and planning can be guilty in this respect. The mistakes of an individual

can likewise be made by groups of individuals. Thus we have at the present time an admittedly acute rubber shortage. The needs of the

Some Decisions Obviously Needed

war effort are so great that all unnecessary use and sale of this vital commodity are forbidden. That such a prohibition should be enacted is obvious. No patriotic citizen should complain about such legislation. Yet if statistics are to be trusted much rubber could be saved for war purposes if the manufacture of certain contraceptives were banned. This is an obvious fact. Yet it is overlooked.

Incidentally it does seem a shortsighted policy in days of war when casualty lists are being published to place on a priority rating a means used to decrease the population of the country. An obvious fact! Yet it is overlooked.

Also, the purchase of war bonds and stamps is both a genuinely patriotic gesture and an eminently sound financial investment. Obvious facts. To foster the sale of both at the expense of decency is not only offensive to good taste but to God Himself. And unless God is with the United States there will be no winning of the war. Yet to increase war bond sales by means of objectionable stage performances should be condemned. This is an obvious moral fact. It is indeed, strange that there are those who think that a good way to inspire patriotism is by an appeal to the lower nature of man, and to use womankind as a lure by tolerating debasing, immoral spectacles.

It is an obvious fact, although of an entirely different nature, that wartime is replete with opportunities for

self-sacrifice. Longer working hours mean less recreation. Meatless days are coming. Earlier draft-age will take more sons to the armed forces, and mothers will grieve. Casualty lists will be printed and sorrow will enter the homes of the nation. These are obvious facts. A decision to gain spiritually should not be overlooked.

AT THE time of our Blessed Lord's public ministry there was a pool in Jerusalem called Bethesda. Five porches had been built around it in which a great number of sick, blind, lame, and crippled waited the moving of the waters. Periodically an angel descended into the pond and its waters were

The Poor Souls in Purgatory

troubled. St. John tells us in his Gospel, "the first to go down into the pool after the troubling of the water was cured of whatever infirmity he had." A certain sick man was in one of the porches. For thirty-eight years he had suffered alone and friendless. He had seen his more fortunate and able fellow-infirm receive the bounty of God, a miraculous cure, and in sound health return to their homes. For they had been able to bathe in the healing waters after the angel's visit.

He had not even one friend interested enough in his cure to help him reach the pond when its curative powers had been operative. Long weary years he had waited; years of expectancy they had been. But whatever hopes for release from pain he had nurtured had faded with the passing of the days that had totaled thirty-eight years. No previously cured victim had returned in health to help him secure the boon of bodily restoration. If they had given thought to the matter, the thought had never been put into action. He remained sick.

Then Jesus Christ came one day, and asked him: "Dost thou want to get well?" The sick man answered simply: "Sir, I have no one to put me into the pool when the water is stirred; for while I am coming another steps down before me." Jesus cured him.

This month of November is dedicated by the Church to the Poor Souls in Purgatory. Friends of God await their entrance day into His kingdom of everlasting glory. They suffer the temporal punishment due their sins. They will suffer until the purifying flames of God's crucible have made them fit to join the angels and saints in heaven. If we were able to question some poor soul in Purgatory as our Lord questioned the sick man at the pool of Bethesda we would doubtless receive a similar answer: I have no one to help me.

There are those who die friendless. No one grieves their passing. No Month's Mind Mass is said for their eternal rest. No anniversary is recalled. They are indeed poor suffering souls. There is no one who cares on earth about their possible entrance into heaven. But others die and leave on earth many friends and relatives. Time, the great healer, begins its work of soothing aching hearts and in the ways of God's providences performs a successful task. With the passing of years beloved features grow less distinct, and memory fails to recall what the close association of a lifetime seemed to fashion by indelible recording. They may be but other poor suffering souls, fathers, mothers, wives, husbands, children, friends.

How many there are who need the reminder of November—to pray for the Suffering Souls in Purgatory!

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President Avila Camacho

THE entrance of former President Lázaro Cárdenas into the Mexican Cabinet as minister of national defense is a triumph for President Avila Camacho and his astute middle-of-the-road policy which, among other achievements, has brought about a reconciliation between Church and State after many years of antireligious governments. This is true in spite of the fact that the Communist labor movement, the most bitter enemy of the Church, reached its zenith during the Cárdenas administration.

General Cárdenas was the recognized leader around whom the anti-religious labor federations and other malcontents have been trying recently to organize a vigorous opposition movement against President Avila Camacho and the Church. General Cárdenas is now safely in the Cabinet; Mexico's leading Communist agitator and Church baiter, Lombardo Toledano, is out of the country; and the new antireligious opposition has been destroyed in the moment of its birth.

When General Manuel Avila Camacho was inaugurated as President in December 1940, Mexico was in chaos, following thirty years of social revolution. The Revolution had overthrown feudalism and abolished peonage; it had lifted the suppressed masses to the level of human beings,

Mexico's President and the Church

By JOHN W. WHITE



Cathedral at Mexico City. A new era seems to be dawning for the Church in Mexico

and had brought about many badly needed social reforms. But, being a revolution, it had been terribly destructive. Worst of all, it had completely destroyed any semblance of national unity among the Mexican people and had divided the country into many bitterly warring classes. Capital and labor, believers and unbelievers, Communists, Fascists, and democrats, all had forgotten that they were Mexicans and were engaged in innumerable class conflicts, all of

which were disastrously destructive, even in those very few cases where the objectives sought were constructive. In addition to these quarreling social classes there were the many bickering political groups, each organized around strong and selfishly ambitious personal leaders rather than around national issues and problems.

Behind and under all this sectional, ideological, and political strife lay Mexico's major and permanent

ethnic problem—the division of the population into three distinct groups, none of which has any social or political relationship with the other two. The Spanish white minority “upper class,” the tremendous *mestizo* majority, and the great mass of pure-blooded Indians, numbering nearly a third of the total population, are as widely separated and antagonistic as though they belonged to enemy countries.

Out of this political, social, and ethnic chaos, President Avila Camacho set out to reconstruct a nation.

The President announced as his watchword, National Unity, and made that the goal of his administration. The surprising progress which he has been able to make toward that goal in less than two years was demonstrated on September 15 when six former presidents of the country met with him in the Plaza Constitution in front of the National Palace and shook hands with one another to signify that they had buried the bitter political feuds that had made most of them personal enemies.

As one prominent editorial writer pointed out, these six men have nothing in common with one another except that each has been President of Mexico. (Another facetiously wrote that their reunion in the city's principal square disproved the general belief that Mexico assassinates all its ex-Presidents.) They represent all shades of political faith from the extreme left to the extreme right, and all shades of religious opinion from devout Catholicism to atheism. Yet as members of the Supreme Court, the National Congress, and the diplomatic corps looked on and applauded, and the many thousands gathered in the plaza cheered, these six former presidents pledged their support to President Avila Camacho's campaign to reunite the country's quarreling classes into a patriotic national population.

All this is good news for those who have followed the history of the persecution of the Church in Mexico during the last thirty years, because reconciliation with the Church has been the first objective of President Avila Camacho's march toward national unity. With approximately ninety per cent of the population nominally Catholic, even though not always particularly devout, the Church is the only force for national unity that has survived the Revolu-



A Mexican girl in her native costume presents a beautiful picture

tion. So the President immediately began a series of very important steps designed to restore the prestige of the Church.

It never has been possible to unite the Mexican people behind “our” government, but they always can be united behind the Church, especially if the Church is being attacked. Mexicans do not feel that the government is theirs, in the sense that they have a personal part in the Church. The only question on which most of them were agreed when President Avila Camacho was inaugurated was that one of the greatest tragedies in Mexico's history had been the action of President Calles in renewing the persecution of the Church and carrying it to its most fanatical extremes.

The history of the persecution of the Church in Mexico is familiar to American readers and need not be reviewed here except to recall that the Constitution of 1917, which be-

came the Magna Carta of the Revolution, outlawed religion, confiscated all Church property, and prohibited religious teaching in the schools, whether State or privately owned.

More than \$150,000,000 worth of property was confiscated, including a great number of privately owned homes that could not by any stretch of the imagination be classified as Church property. But after the churches and schools had been closed, the owners of these homes had committed the unpardonable crime of permitting the Mass to be celebrated in private for the family, or had permitted religious teachers to enter the house to instruct the children.

Under these circumstances, it required considerable courage for a presidential candidate to announce, as General Avila Camacho did, “I am a Catholic.” No candidate for public office in Mexico had dared make such a declaration in seventy-five years.

As soon as he was inaugurated, the new President quietly began tak-

ing steps to suppress the conflict with the Church and to heal some of the wrongs committed during the persecution by Presidents Calles and Cárdenas. This undoubtedly was one of the most delicate points in the President's middle-course policy by which he has been steering his administration, so far successfully, between the two extremes created by the antichurch leftists who are jealous of their political and social conquests in the Revolution, and the rightists against whom the Revolution was fought.

Without any publicity, the administration began returning to the former owners many of the homes and other private property which had been confiscated since the advent of the Calles regime in 1924.

Then the President cleared the Communists out of the ministry of education and sent a bill to Congress regulating the application and enforcement of Article 3 of the Constitution, which outlaws religious teaching and makes obligatory the teaching of Socialism and "the ideals

In his message to Congress accompanying the educational reform Bill, the President declared that it was illegal, as well as illogical, to attempt to interpret Article 3 in such way as to establish an antireligious system of education when Article 24 of the Constitution very clearly provides for religious liberty in Mexico.

"The Federal Executive Power," he wrote, "considers that the objectives of the Revolution have been so well impressed on the national consciousness that it is no longer necessary to maintain an attitude of combat against the lawful religious activities of Mexican citizens, since no creed and no church ever could take away from the people the conquests of the Revolution."

The message continued: "While public education must remain separate from all religious doctrines, it must not be considered as antireligious education. Our educational system must be in keeping with our race, our tradition, our culture, and our democratic thought, and must eliminate the hatred and internal

had been a notorious failure in Mexico, where it is repugnant to Mexican ideas, so it was abolished.

Congress passed the educational reform law and under it the Government permitted the renewal of religious teaching in the private schools, of which there are hundreds in Mexico.

Also, without any announcement, the Government stopped enforcing the restrictions on the number of priests. This was in keeping with the old-established practice of all Latin American governments to stop enforcing laws which have proved undesirable, instead of repealing them.

In June of this year Congress passed the President's new General Law of National Property, Article 10 of which provides that when there are justifying reasons the government may refrain from expropriating property which the Constitution nationalizes. This abolished the mandatory character of the constitutional provisions for the nationalization of Church property and left it to the Government to decide whether such confiscation is desirable in each particular case.

Then in July the Supreme Court handed down a decision which both governmental and Church circles describe as one of the most epochal events since the overthrow of Porfirio Diaz. It declared unconstitutional all confiscation of Catholic-owned property other than actual church buildings. This ruling is expected to put a definite end to the long and bitter conflict between the Government and the Church, since it establishes an entirely new jurisprudence for Church property and deprives the Government of the confiscatory power which has been its most deadly weapon against the Church.

Since the court's decision destroys all the laws and decrees under which Catholic-owned real estate has been confiscated, the Government will now have to return to the lawful owners all the property that has been taken from priests, religious orders, and Catholic laymen, with the exception of churches, the nationalization of which is specifically provided for in the Constitution. This is the official admission of the ministry of government which handles the Government's relations with the Church and under which, in former administrations, the confiscations were ordered.



Indians form a large proportion of the population of Mexico

of the Revolution." The leftists had insisted that the Socialism of the Revolution was Communism and so were teaching Communism in the schools. President Avila Camacho declared with all the energy at his command that the Socialism of the Revolution is not Communism and that the teaching of foreign isms in the schools of Mexico must cease.

division from which our country has suffered all through its history."

The President denounced the efforts that had been made to separate the schools from all family influence and called for the closest possible co-operation between parents and teachers. Without entering into any debate as to the merits of coeducation, the President declared that it

The ruling of the Supreme Court has been welcomed by the Avila Camacho administration as it greatly strengthens the President's legal position in his determination to end the conflict with the Church as the most important step toward attaining national unity and calming the passions that have been aroused by the Revolution.

Schools and other property that had been confiscated from religious orders and the clergy are now being returned under the provisions of the Supreme Court's decision and it will now be possible for the various teaching orders to reopen their schools.

The court's decision declared that a school or college teaching the arts, sciences, or professions cannot be construed to be a building devoted to the teaching of religious worship within the meaning of the Constitution, even though the teachers may be priests or brothers of a recognized religious order. The court also ruled that there is no law prohibiting the clergy from owning property and that, consequently, the sale or transfer of their property to third parties does not make the third party an intermediary of the Church or clergy, as had been ruled by the lower trial court.

In September of this year the Government issued a further decree providing that in the future only the National Government may expropriate Church property, thus taking the power of expropriation out of the hands of the State governments, where most of the abuses were committed during the many years of persecution. This decree and the new General Law of National Property, already mentioned, have thus set up a completely new status for Church property: such property can now be expropriated only by the National Government and the confiscatory power is no longer mandatory but is left to the discretion of the President and his Cabinet.

With schools and other property returned to their owners, only the church edifices will remain in the hands of the Government. And the administration of President Avila Camacho has already eased this situation by recognizing the Archbishop, Msgr. Luis M. Martinez, as the spiritual head of the Church in Mexico; by guaranteeing freedom of worship; and by overlooking the existing restrictions on the number of clergy

who may exercise their religious duties. Whether the present administration will attempt eventually to amend the Constitution to remove the few remaining restrictions against the Catholic Church is a question to which no one in the Government appears willing to vouchsafe an answer at this time.

Meanwhile, high Church dignitaries freely express themselves as satisfied with the present relations between the State and the Church, while admitting, of course, that there still remains much to be accomplished in this respect. For the first time in Mexican history, the Archbishop and the President are close personal friends. The Archbishop has made several public declarations in support of the democracies, thus giving Church approval to the President's international policy and his close co-operation with the war efforts of the United States.

As one prominent Mexican writer recently expressed it, "Mexico now has a President without precedent in the country's history and a great Archbishop who knows how to be an

honor to his high position. Both are 100 per cent Mexican and both are very patriotic."

It is true that Msgr. Martinez is 100 per cent Mexican. He belongs to the *mestizo* class which constitutes the great bulk of the Mexican population. The people feel that he belongs to them because he thinks and feels like a true Mexican. People of the poorer classes speak of him with the most tender affection and many of them have described him to me thus, "*Es muy feo, pero muy, muy bueno.*" (He is very ugly, but very, very good). The Archbishop is famous as one of the most notable orators in Mexico and also as one of the most studious men in the country.

With the Church and the State in the hands of men like Msgr. Martinez and President Avila Camacho, Catholics in Mexico feel that they have cause for satisfaction. They recognize, however, that the future position of the Church never can be secure as long as the present antichurch provisions remain in the Constitution. They point out that the improved status of the Church is due entirely to the personal efforts of President Avila Camacho and his manner of interpreting the laws. But as long as the antichurch measures are on the law books, an antireligious President could use the new laws and decrees which have been framed by President Avila Camacho for renewing the persecution of the Church.

A new and most important factor in the religious question in Mexico is the rapidly growing Sinarquista movement which is officially known as the *Union Nacional Sinarquista*. This five-year-old organization is a strongly nationalistic and devoutly Catholic movement which already has more than 600,000 members and is growing daily. It takes its name from two Greek words meaning "with order" and it stands first of all for order, based on a Christian society in which the unit is the legally established family.

The close relationship existing between President Avila Camacho and the Sinarquista movement has been badly misunderstood, not only by the leftist antichurch leaders in Mexico, but also by American newspaper correspondents, both of these groups having represented the Sinarquistas to be Fascists and under the control of the Spanish Falange. President Avila Camacho is one of the closest



*His Excellency, Luis M. Martinez,
Archbishop of Mexico City*

friends and collaborators which the Washington government has anywhere in Latin America. Also, he is one of the most ardent devotees of the democratic cause who has ever occupied the presidency of Mexico. He has devoted the whole two years he has been in office to stamping out in the most vigorous manner every agency and organization in the country that was opposed to democracy and likely to serve the cause of the non-democratic forces against which Mexico and the United States are now at war. Prominent Mexicans point out that it is beyond the range of all logic and common sense that, having taken his stand on the side of democracy, the President should have nullified his own position by encouraging the growth of a movement which opposed everything for which he stands.

LEADERS of the Sinarquista movement insist that it is not a political movement and that they want no participation in the government. They insist that the *Unión Nacional Sinarquista* is purely a social movement which is attempting to improve the living conditions and the morals of Mexico's suppressed agrarian masses. Every member of the organization is a native-born Mexican and a Catholic, yet the leaders say it is not a clerical movement and that no member of the clergy has a seat on any of its many regional committees.

The Sinarquistas are opposed to any totalitarian form of government. They want to establish in Mexico a "Christian democracy" or "Christian order" in which each family of the agrarian classes shall be permanently settled on its own piece of land.

The fear of what such a Christian order will do to Communism and the antichurch movement in Mexico is what led to Lombardo Toledano's ridiculous charge in Havana on September 8 that His Holiness is the active head of a Fifth Column movement which is determined to establish Christian order throughout the world.

Behind its vague phraseology, the Sinarquista movement really is a Catholic and agrarian counterrevolution against the very leftist social Revolution that has controlled Mexico for thirty years. Its leaders believe that they can defeat the leftists and break their hold on Mexico by a

peaceful social movement of non-cooperation with the Revolution. They plan to wipe out revolution as a Mexican institution by improving the economic and social status of the agrarian masses and by making the members of this class better Mexicans, better democrats, and better men.

Despite its insistence that it is not a political organization, the Sinarquista movement is serving as an effective political balance against the leftist opposition to the President's moderate middle-of-the-road policy by enthusiastically supporting the President and his policy. Next to the achievement of national unity, the most serious problem confronting the new Avila Camacho administration was the revival of the confidence of foreign capital, which had been destroyed by the expropriation policy of President Cárdenas. The government faced the extremely difficult task of guaranteeing capital against further violence while at the same time guaranteeing labor against the loss of any of the social conquests of the Revolution.

President Avila Camacho has assured labor in many of his public addresses that its rights have been recognized and that the present administration will continue to recognize and protect those rights. But the President has insisted that there are others besides the workers who also have rights and that his government intends to recognize and respect those other rights.

This political and economically sound stand by the President has been a bitter disappointment to labor leaders, who wanted him to follow the extreme leftist path that had been laid out by Cárdenas. They are very bitter over several of the measures taken by the President, especially his withdrawal of the national railroads from the disastrous administration of the workers and their return to government management. Leftist leaders consider that the President has betrayed labor by amending the labor laws to stop the widespread abuse of the right to strike, which was one of the most highly prized conquests of the long-drawn-out Revolution.

The Leftists also are bitterly opposed to the President's measures for protecting property owned by Catholics, and to the new regulations permitting Catholic education in private

schools. They attack these as "reactionary" measures and have been violently aroused by them. It was the President's determination to put an end to the persecution of the Church that finally led the Leftists to organize an opposition movement against the administration. Since they had achieved their most radical conquests under General Cárdenas it was only natural that they should have looked to the former President as their leader. But General Cárdenas already had thrown in his lot with General Avila Camacho by accepting the command of the very important Pacific Coast military zone and pledging his support of the President's war policy.

Any hope that the antichurch Leftists may still have had of persuading General Cárdenas to lead their opposition against the President collapsed on September 10 when the general took the oath of office as minister of national defense in the Avila Camacho Cabinet. That made Cárdenas an active and responsible member of the administration and in accepting the appointment he has signified his solidarity with the President's administration policies—internal as well as international. Which includes, of course, the President's policy toward the Church and toward foreign capital.

No one in the Government pretends that General Cárdenas has changed his own Socialistic and anti-religious thinking, but he apparently has become convinced by experience that Mexico is not yet prepared to accept his ideas.

LOMBARDO TOLEDANO, who organized labor federations in support of General Cárdenas when he was President, has left Mexico for an extensive tour of the Latin American countries during which he expects to organize a very leftist and international Latin American Federation of Labor. Argentina, which is the only South American country where labor is being unionized on an important scale, has refused to grant Toledano a visa. Several of the other countries, including Brazil and Peru, prohibit the unionizing of labor. Anyway, those who are in a position to know say that the task which Lombardo Toledano has set himself will keep him out of Mexico during the remaining four years of President Avila Camacho's administration.



WALKING to early Mass, I lifted my eyes to the hills; to Mt. Lolo and south from it the long range of the Bitter Roots that had stood for ages before Lewis and Clark made their camp at Travelers' Rest or Father DeSmet came to the Flatheads. To the north Squaw Peak in pure and delicate outline was violet in the morning light, and lower, Mt. Murphy rounded hazily through the mist. Back of me, I knew, were Mt. Sentinel and towering Mt. Stewart. The mountains round about Jerusalem, I thought. Jerusalem with milk and honey blest.

Over the western ridges came sound cres-

cending powerfully. Silver wings glistened; an army plane roared over the city and passed out of sight over Sentinel. My thoughts flew with it to look down over mountain trails where happy boys had hiked in summers past; over lakes where they had fished and ledges where they had pitched their pup tents; over hanging valleys where even now were the skeletons of evergreen shelters they had sometime built; over purple peaks where winter snows had held the track of their ski.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, rise up and put off thy garment of joy. Phrases from the *Tenebrae* filled my mind. *In tenebris collocavit me.* I went on into the church to pray for my sons.

Here they had made their First

Illustrated by MAY BURKE



A Mother Faces the War

By MARY BRENNAN CLAPP

Faith is a basic consciousness that God is good and that He loves us.

When we who have known grief ourselves can break through the wall of self-pity and comfort other mourners without any feeling that our grief is of a special kind, apart from the common lot, only then do we know that we are of the great human family and what it is to love our neighbor as ourselves. There is strength in this knowledge. I had begun praying for my

sons. Now I was praying for all sons and for all of us, children of God.

I came to the Glorious Mysteries, and I thought of Victory. Or rather, I was intrigued by a wishful analogy. But the words of the Easter angel changed themselves. He is missing; he is not here. Already such a message had come to one of my friends. And for all of us was the evidence of how many were missing from our congregation. I thought of the Mater Dolorosa. How did she bear it; did she know? What did she know? Again an answer came, resurrection indeed. Our sons are with God, and God is good and loves them. This is hope.

The altar bell was ringing for the Consecration. I felt a deep peace that was wholly gratitude, and my prayer was to thank God for Himself.

I could bear the Joyful Mysteries now. My thoughts pictured the Mater Admirabilis looking with love on the newborn Christ-child. In human terms I tried to understand her love. It is not to be taken literally—what Our Lord says—that a mother remembers no more the anguish. Or did He mean that in later anguish the first is forgotten? It is true that after the separation of two bodies once in such intimate union that the greater nourished the lesser without volition, there is a nearness more real than the first. For now the little rosy body is held in arms that long waited for it; is seen with eyes that could only imagine it before; is heard in first attempts to voice reactions to love and fear. Now one can *do* something for the beloved. No day will be too long in willing service; no sleep too

Communion and been confirmed. Here they had served at Mass and at Benediction, and had carried the candles for the Way of the Cross. They had knelt with me in this very pew, little boys with shining eyes and reverent lips. Now they are tall young men, trained for their lifework, those little boys who, I had foolishly believed at the end of the first world war, would never have to face war. They had been taught the ways and ideals of peace at home. They had heard me tell of Wilson's call for universal prayer for peace and of the day as observed in an old cathedral in the Southwest, where, in the sanctuary, the flags of all nations were set, and in the light of hundreds of blessed candles the Sacrament of Love was exposed, and the city prayed for peace. They had believed that prayer.

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison. My fingers moved along the beads of the Sorrowful Mysteries. What is faith, I questioned? The answer seemed like a flash, but it was not. It was a moment of focus of knowledge minutely accumulated through long years of living—years that had held joy and suffering, want and security, accomplishment and frustration. The answer was—

deep to rise from at the troubled call; no desire too strong to be set aside for the dearer wish to minister to the child.

The little body is lovable beyond words. It is sweet. It is funny. It is growing! Dressed in white robes it is taken to the church—presented in the temple, for Baptism. In the midst of rejoicing there is a reminiscent and prescient flash of anguish. My baby, the mother has been thinking. But now—he is a person, she realizes. A person with an immortal soul to be respected. His soul is something so individual that all its human relations total less in importance than its relations to God; something that may forsake mother and father, sister and brother, and cleave only to God; something for which parents are responsible but which in no sense they may own. This is what the Mater Amata knew. Mine and—not mine.



He was missing and they found Him in the temple, talking to the doctors, and when they chided Him He said, "Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?"

Yes, our sons must be about the Father's business. For this they have forsaken all. For this they are in peril on the sea and on the land and in the air. What can we *do* for them while they are absent from us?

Like all other mothers who are waiting, we shall write the boys many letters. We shall put away their treasures, keeping many things in our hearts, against the day when they may come home to enjoy once more the pursuits of peace. We shall dust their books and de-moth their civilian clothes. We shall look well to the ways of our household, family and national, that when they return, God willing, there will be some comfort and opportunity for them. We shall not let our imaginations dwell on the horrors they may now be enduring in strange lands. It is enough to know that such things happen. It will not help to contemplate them.

All the time we shall pray for them. We carry a rosary in our pocket. Our fingers find it as we wait for the bus or walk along the street. Many times a day,

as we go about our home duties, we shall make the Sign of the Cross for them and for ourselves—that simple little sign that has shown a way of life for nearly two thousand years, that is a small altar in itself, where are dispensed hope and perseverance. We shall pray in all ways for them, offering our own loneliness and whatever patience we have to God for them, hearing Mass and receiving Communion for them.

Standing in their young manhood at the open door of achievement and love, they know the significance of life. They have been trained in the responsibilities and privileges of liberty. In the lives of their parents they have seen daily happiness, in the pursuit of which much sacrifice and courage were evident. With this knowledge they have gone.

If they do not return? Death is a part of war. For that strong, young, manly body death may be already reaching out. For that body which in its first weeks of infancy seemed wholly ours to cherish and comfort, all we can do now materially must be from a great distance and through impersonal channels such as War Bonds and U. S. O. contributions. But for the soul and body that our love called into life we still can pray. God give him courage. God give him comfort.

In a certain church there is a peculiar painting of the Mother of God. She seems to be stepping toward us through a mist. Behind her, more heavily misted, is a recession of crosses, the farthest barely visible. Between crosses the mist picks up a little light from somewhere. But the nearest cross shadows her like a threat. Still she walks serenely toward us, her face not smiling, but tender and loving.

There have been small and, for many, great crosses in the past, but light has shone between. We have walked on through illness or health, through poorer or richer, through better or worse. If our Calvary is still to be mounted we have the example of the Mother of God. Her Son too was in peril. The seamless garment she had woven for Him was to be torn and gambled for. His burial was to be an act of charity. There was no recognition of His sacrifice. Nor outward sign of appreciation for what He had done.

We shall not see now the resurrection of the body of those who die fighting this war, but we may feel it in greater love for this nation and this world, for which they give the full measure of devotion. The angel at the tomb will not appear for us. Our own hearts may have to say, "He is not here." Then indeed we shall falter and grow faint unless we remember that God is good and loves us; unless we remember that those we love are ours and not ours—not yesterday in their happy safe childhood, nor today in war that has called them far from us, nor tomorrow maybe, in the fact of death. How strange that the part that is not ours is the immortal! There is no death for the soul. The soldier who dies for his country and, in this war, for the world, has been faithful unto death. Our grief is for the body.

But if we have considered what we have been taught, we know that for many, sorrow "has built a bridge into the infinite." Those we lose will have gone on into the infinite. It remains for us to build by prayer and by action. We can still offer our trials to God for love of those who go. We can do our individual best for the cause in which they went—that their going will not have been in vain.



Consolidated Aircraft Corp.

The Liberator, American long-range, heavy bomber, in action at present on all war fronts

Air Power in Modern Warfare

By MAJOR GENERAL PAUL B. MALONE, U. S. Army (Retired)

THE spectacular performance of airplanes in the present global struggle has fascinated the public mind, and possibly distorted its conception of the relationship of air power in modern warfare to the ground forces and the sea forces of our country.

Necessarily the airplane, like the cavalry scout of earlier days, is first to contact the enemy, first to engage in battle, first to receive the plaudits of the people—and deservedly so, since through its efforts hostile eyes in the sky, hostile fighters and bombers are blasted back to Mother Earth. When ten enemy planes are knocked down, the news is headlined, but a sober estimate of the situation reveals that the loss of ten airplanes by an enemy whose strength is known to be more than three million armed men does not contribute much to the destruction of the hostile army.

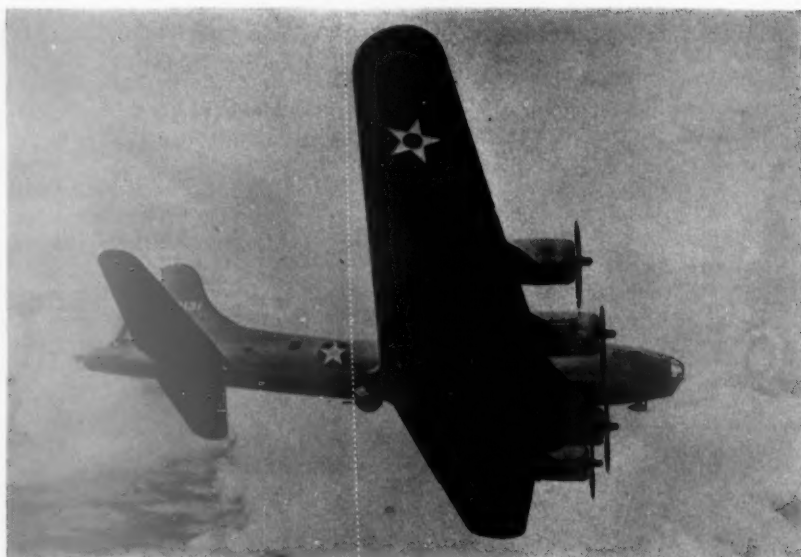
The battle for air supremacy across the front of the theater of operations, like the battle of the cavalry screen for control of advantageous terrain in front of the Army, is a necessary preliminary to decisive action, but it is only a preliminary. Victory can come only by the defeat of the enemy's ground army. If that army is overseas, then ground forces must be transported to the scene of decisive battle in ocean-going ships, escorted and defended by Navy forces superior to those of the enemy.

This is the inescapable obligation now confronting us. In meeting it, the American people are interested, not in the minutiae and complex details, but in the general role that air power must accept in the combined forces—Land, Sea, and Air—charged with battling for the preservation of our freedom and the destruction of our enemies.

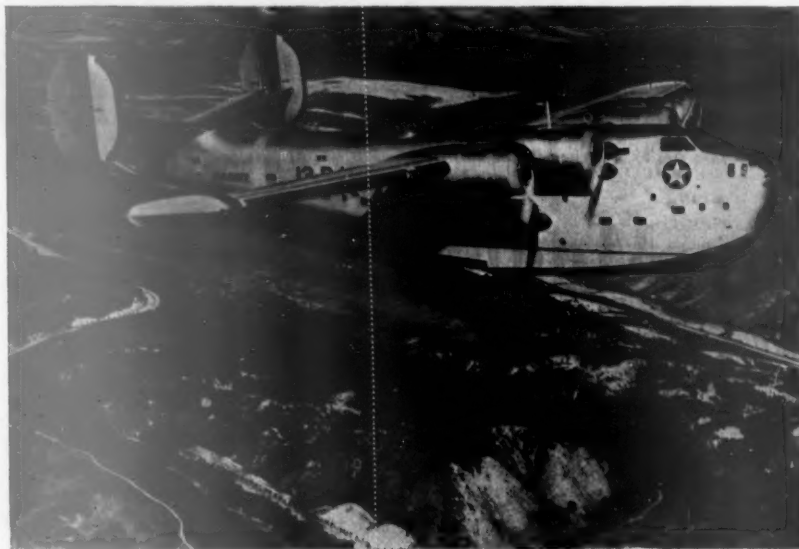
The airplane emerged from the first World War with few laurels. It had played no decisive role in winning victory for the Allies, no decisive role in the armies of the Central Powers. Decision on Armistice Day had been secured by the attack of nearly six million men in the ground armies of the Allies—an attack to which the airplane had made no material contribution, though its performance had been spectacular in dogfights in the sky, valuable in reconnaissance, and suggestive of developments that would profoundly influence combat on land and sea.

Next to ground armies, the submarine held the spotlight as the great—the almost decisive—weapon of destruction.

The "shock" produced in earlier days by the cavalry charge which once broke the ranks of the foot soldiers, was replaced in World War



Boeing Aircraft Co.

The B-17E, better known as the Flying Fortress**The PB2Y, our Navy's largest and most powerful airplane**

Consolidated Aircraft Corp.

I by massed artillery which poured tons of high explosives upon enemy positions until nerves were shattered, trenches pulverized, and the enemy demoralized. Then infantry could advance behind a moving curtain of steel to the limit of range of the supporting artillery. The American Army trained for a break-through and a battle to the finish in open warfare. Notwithstanding the great masses of artillery that supported each successful attack, however, it was discovered when the war was over that eighty-nine per cent of the dead on the fields of France were infantrymen—Doughboys.

It was axiomatic that victory could

be won only by defeat of the opposing army, by the breaking of his defensive organization, but it must not again be done by the unprotected breasts of American Doughboys. The attack of the future must be steel-shod, shotproof, lightning fast. Out of this manifestly sound and necessary conception of future offensive warfare grew the modern tank—the steel cavalry—shielding, containing, not mounting, its rider. This modern steel cavalry must be the spear point of the oldtime charge, to break through the enemy trenches and then smash forward great distances, crushing the secondary defenses and carrying into panic and destruction into the

rear echelons of the hostile area.

It required no great imagination to realize that the wild-riding steel cavalry, feeding on gasoline, would be cut off, surrounded, and captured, if not supported by the forward plunge of infantry and artillery capable of advancing at the same rate as the tank. Clearly, then, the supporting infantry and artillery and any other troops needed for the special task, should be mechanized. Fast-moving infantry must follow through the gap in the broken line to organize and consolidate the captured ground and defeat the inevitable counterattack.

These break-through troops plunge forward far beyond the range of supporting artillery, and while in motion must have the equivalent of high-explosive supporting artillery fire. Supporting ground artillery could be effective only to the outer limit of the range to which it could hurl its high-explosive shell. The airplane could pick up a far more powerful shell—a bomb—hurl it in front of the break-through forces so as to annihilate all resistance, and drop from the sky a curtain of high explosives that moved forward at the speed of the attack. The dive bomber, winged artillery, was the answer.

The modern tank and the dive bomber, working not separately but in close co-operation with mechanized infantry, mechanized field artillery, and auxiliary troops, are the necessary indispensables for revindication of the American doctrine of aggressive warfare—that wars are won by defeat of the enemy's ground armies, a defeat which can be accomplished without the loss of life that characterized all offensive operations during World War I.

This principle was well known to American military leaders, and was demonstrated at our Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga., and at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, by the famous Second Division, long years before the name of Hitler came flashing across the red pages of history. Peace psychology, however, held the people of the United States hypnotized. We had fought the war to end all wars. We had proclaimed the brotherhood of man, and had taken the lead in outlawing war as an instrument of international policy. It would be peace in our time—peace for all time. Shame on the General who demanded new weapons!

We could not secure equipment. Hitler, the Dictator, ordered it. Before the eyes of all Europe he created his armies, organized task forces to accomplish specific missions on specific fronts, and trained them for the attacks which were to come. All the world saw him stage mimic attacks in which dive bombers, an American invention, operated in support of his ground troops, theoretically blasting all resistance in front of his "break-through task forces," and thus deepening the barrage far into the enemy terrain.

These dive bomber Stukas were, in effect, flying batteries of artillery that accompanied the attack to reinforce tremendously the shock produced by massed artillery upon which commanders in the first World War had depended to prepare the way for the break-through of the infantry. The flying batteries of artillery—the Stukas—were not free-lance, independent air units, but an integral part of the air-tank-mechanized infantry-artillery combat team, all under the direct orders of the ground task commander.

The mission of the Stukas was to facilitate the break-through of the steel cavalry, closely followed by the mechanized infantry, and supported by the fire of the massed artillery. All were mechanized so as to follow at top speed and take up new positions as the attack progressed. Behind them came the infantry, trained to forced marching, to hold the captured ground against counterattack.

This was, in general terms, the Nazi attack that overwhelmed all resistance in the earth-shaking series of victories that placed all Europe under the heel of the Nazi conqueror and stopped only at the margin of the sea. Then the German Luftwaffe, the independent air force, tried to conquer England by air power alone—and failed.

The picture of Europe conquered by the airplane—by an independent German air force—is false and misleading, and may have been encouraged by self-seeking propagandists. It was the combined forces, trained to loyal co-operation, that won that stupendous victory. The overwhelming success of the attack suggests the primary function not only of air power in the ground army, but the primary function of all other elements of the team—the defeat of the hostile ground army by the simul-

taneous effort of all battle power, resulting inevitably in peace with the least destruction of life and treasure.

Let us consider another example of such co-operation—the break-through at Sedan in May 1940—called "the greatest campaign of annihilation in history." The break-through force in this operation formed the spearhead of the group of armies commanded by General von Runstedt. The spearhead itself appears to have been a single army commanded by General von Kleist, composed of two corps, attacking side by side, with General Reinhardt on the right and General Guderian—famous already for the operation of his Panzer divisions in Poland—on the left. The northwest column of the break-through force was commanded by General Rommel, the Desert Fox, who now faces General Alexander of the British Army in the North African desert.

The French High Command had prejudged the situation, and felt sure that the German Army would repeat, with slight modifications, the plan of attack of 1914, massing troops for a drive through Belgium, pivoting on the northern end of the Maginot Line near Sedan, and delivering a sledge-hammer blow against Belgian, British, and French troops defending the northern half of the front. The Germans had no such intention, however. Their plan was to smash the hinge near Sedan, tear off the door, throw it back upon the Channel Ports, and force surrender or a perilous escape across the Channel.

The area selected for attack was

that portion of the poorly fortified zone north of the Maginot Line near the boundary between France, Belgium, and Luxembourg, where co-operation of the three armies involved would be most difficult. The Maginot Line terminates at its north end near Longuyon on the Chiers River, about thirty miles southeast of Sedan. Trenches had been constructed from the north end of the Maginot Line along the west bank of the Chiers River to its junction with the Meuse, thence through Belgian territory, along the line of the Meuse to Namur. From Namur north to the Channel via Antwerp the "Dyle Line" had been constructed, and on this line and on the Meuse, the French Army was to make its stand.

The Second French Army under General Huntziger occupied strong positions along the Meuse and Chiers Rivers from Flize to the northern extremity of the Maginot Line. The line north of Flize, mostly in Belgium, was to be held by General Corap's Ninth Army, but most of his army was back on French soil ready to advance to the Meuse when occasion might require. Relying upon the difficulties to be encountered in the Ardennes Forest that lay across the front, General Corap counted on five or six days, possibly seven, for movement to, and organization of, his position on the Meuse. In the Ardennes was one division of Belgian *Chasseurs d'Ardennes*, while Generals Huntziger and Corap had five or six horsed cavalry divisions to meet the steel-clad enemy!



U. S. Army Signal Corps

American medium tank, important part of combat team

Strange as it may seem, that was the plan. This is what happened.

At 5:35 A.M. on May 10, General von Runstedt's steel-clad armies, unopposed, crossed the Luxembourg frontier and moved against the French, north of the Maginot Line. At 6:45 A.M. the same day, the order came down the French channel of command to carry out the "Dyle Maneuver"—move forward to occupy the Dyle Line already described. Cavalry units of the Second and Ninth French Armies were ordered into areas east of the Meuse to meet the attack.

Late in the afternoon, the Second French Horse Cavalry met General von Kleist's steel cavalry near Arion and were battered back in defeat. The Fifth Cavalry Division (General Huntziger's army) arrived near Libramont. The Cavalry of the Ninth Army did not even cross the Meuse.

May 11: General Corap's Third Spahi Arab Cavalry, and the First and Fourth Cavalry Divisions, were struck in the forest of Ardennes by the enemy steel cavalry. As was to have been expected, they were hurled back in precipitate defeat.

May 12: Steel juggernauts bursting with cannon and machine guns prevailed over gallant horseflesh, and the remnants of the Cavalry that had crossed the Meuse to meet the enemy withdrew to the west bank of the Meuse as the German Army approached the river. French artillery went into action behind (west of) the Meuse, but that river must be forced by the Nazi attack—one of the most difficult operations in the presence of an enemy in position. By nightfall German troops had reached the west bank of the Meuse before General Corap's army, allowing itself five days for deployment, had reached the west bank in anything like real force.

May 13. On a forty-mile front from a point south of Sedan (but north of the Maginot Line) to Dinant, the German Army forced crossings of the Meuse. Engineers of a German armored division reached the west bank of the river under small arms fire. French artillery, as already noted, had reached positions on the west bank of the Meuse on the preceding day. The cavalry that had withdrawn from the Ardennes Forest was available for battle as infantry. A crossing of the Meuse in the

face of this resistance would be a difficult operation. German mechanized artillery went into action while up from the German airfields behind the line rose the flying artillery—the dive bombers—to assist in blasting the French defenders.

Under the protection of combined artillery and dive-bomber bombardment, German infantry in pneumatic boats crossed the Meuse, reduced "two lines of emplacements," while German engineers under the same protection threw a 16-ton pontoon and trestle bridge across the river. Over this bridge the rest of the German division poured, to strike the demoralized French lines before General Corap could execute his leisurely plan of deployment.

May 13-14: The Fifth French Cavalry Division and the Third Spahi Cavalry Brigade were annihilated. The Army of the Germans poured across the Meuse at three points, all of them north of the Maginot Line, and hurled itself upon General Corap's Ninth Army.

General Corap was compelled to abandon the line of the Meuse and retreat in great disorder. During all this time German dive bombers, the flying artillery batteries, were attacking in close-in support of the German ground forces. The left flank of General Huntziger's Second Army behind the north end of the Maginot Line was turned by attack of the break-through force above described.

Two foreign commentators, Lieutenant Colonel Soldan of the German Army and Colonel Daniker of the Swiss Army, pronounced the foregoing operations to be of history-making significance, saying that it marks "the first instance in history in which motorized units supported by aircraft have attained a large-scale strategic success against a major enemy." In the new combat team, "motor joins motor, and speedy ground movement is covered by a rapidly moving curtain of the most intense kind of artillery fire." This is a principle "upon which many a military success hereafter will depend."

From the foregoing record of events it should be clear that the Maginot Line was not "cracked" by German air power, as claimed by certain possibly biased writers. It was not attacked at all until reserves and troops in the line itself were withdrawn and the line turned and jeop-

ardized by the break-through already described. Abandonment of the Line became necessary to save the Second Army from capture.

It becomes apparent that instead of waiting behind the Westwall for distant bombardment by the Luftwaffe to reduce the enemy installations to ruins and the enemy forces to submission, the German ground army moved forward in attack, utilizing bombardment from the air to intensify bombardment from the ground, and to facilitate the advance of the infantry to capture and hold the ground, destroy ground opposition, and impose the will of the conqueror on a beaten army. The German Army applied principles as old as warfare.

Just as bombardment by ground field artillery in the attack is answered by counter bombardment by enemy batteries, so bombardment by dive bombers (flying artillery) is answered by their most deadly enemy, the fighter plane and other aircraft. Hostile aircraft must be destroyed or neutralized before the attack begins.

Aircraft is as earthbound as the material of which it is made, as the oil (gas) that gives it wings. From its nest (the earthbound hangar), it must begin its flight, and there it must end its flight. On the ground it is super-vulnerable. The most deadly attack against air power is the attack upon its nest on the ground. Manifestly, then, an attack by bombers against the ground installations of the enemy must be delivered before, or simultaneous with, the attack of the combat team already described. It was this attack that destroyed Polish airfields, blasted their planes upon the ground, and eliminated Polish air power in a few days; and it was a surprise attack of this kind at Pearl Harbor that paralyzed our powers of counterattack until the enemy had escaped beyond the radius of air action.

While this phase of attack is in progress, enemy fighter planes roar down upon the attacking bombers and seek to blast them from the skies. The bombers must be protected by their own fighters, who engage the hostile fighters in a battle to establish air supremacy at the point of attack.

All this combined fighting power of the attacking force must be under the direct orders of the ground task commander. All must be co-ordi-

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nated so as to break through the immediate enemy defenses (as on the line of the Meuse), create panic and disorder, force mass retreats of the civilian population, destroy communications, railway bridges, manufacturing plants, and capitalize on fear.

Such panic and disorder were secured by German air power, by bombers and fighters taking no part in the immediate battle, (as at the Meuse), but rather engaged in bombing operations against rear area towns and machine-gunning citizens—while fifth columnists screamed orders to “flee for your lives,” and set an example in a frantic getaway.

The long-range operations of the German air force, far behind the French main line of resistance, would have had little effect had not the French defensive organization been pierced, the French Army defeated and hurled back in disorder by the break-through already described, to which air power contributed its approximate share in unified attack.

AIR power in the United States is organized to meet our manifest needs—needs whose importance has been conclusively demonstrated in battle in this war. Like all other elements of the army, it operates, of necessity, under the control of the Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, a most distinguished leader of World War I.

All the Army air forces are commanded directly by Lieutenant General Henry H. Arnold, Chief of the Air Corps, with rank equal to that of the Army commanders. General Arnold has his own General Staff, his own Chief of Staff, and is responsible for all research and development of Army planes to meet the needs of air warfare in all its phases.

All Army planes are planned and developed to accomplish the national mission, and each is designed to perform the special functions of its class. It was under General Arnold's leadership, and under the policies adopted by the High Command of the Army, that the great Flying Fortresses were developed—the wonderful four-engined bomber which has made many attacks on hostile installations in Europe with the loss of but few “Forts” and has accomplished the heretofore undreamed-of feat of blasting the greatest Japanese and Nazi fighters from the sky. Other bombers will perhaps perform serv-

ices quite as distinguished, and all of them will be marshaled in the Bombardment Command destined to become the most powerful air organization ever known in warfare.

We are rapidly constructing an Army of many million men—about 25 per cent of these in the Army Air Corps. Before the end of 1943 the Army Air Corps will include at least 185,000 airplanes, all under the orders of General Arnold, but so allocated as to accomplish the national mission.

The degree to which the Army has reposed its faith in air leadership is shown by the fact that the Deputy Chief of Staff is a Lieutenant General of the Air Corps, while Lieutenant General Andrews, Air Corps, commands all ground and air troops in the Caribbean Area, and Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons, Air Corps, commands all ground and air troops in the Hawaiian area.

The policy which controls air operations in the Army has been splendidly stated by General Emmons in the following words: [Italics author's]

“With its new strength in equipment, personnel, and bases, the Air Force Combat Command will be better able than ever in its brief history to fulfil *its role in the national defense plan*. This role is clearly defined in the training regulations: to employ its power, mobility, and striking force to *assist the High Command in accomplishing the national mission*. A particular mission may require the Combat Command to provide close *support of ground troops*. Another time it may call for operations in coastal frontier defense. On occasions, the situation may require participation in joint operations with Army and Navy forces. Again, the strategy may make advisable *independent operations* beyond the sphere of influence of the ground or sea forces. Whatever the occasion may demand, whatever the type of mission assigned, the Air Force Combat Command *plays its role* as a member of the team, attacking those objectives whose destruction or neutralization is most essential to the success of the team as a whole.”

This is sound American doctrine of combat. It is approved by the Chief of Staff of the Army and by the President, the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies and Navies of the United States. It is entitled to

the confidence and support of the American people. This doctrine is based on the principle that our air forces are as much an integral part of the Army as the tank, the infantry, and the artillery with which the air forces operate, and that to separate the air forces from the Army by the creation of an independent air force, as urged by propagandists, would disrupt the Army and the Navy and would imperil our success in this life-and-death struggle in which the whole American nation is involved.

In a similar manner, the planes of the Navy are an integral part of the Navy, as much so as the battleships, the cruisers, the destroyers, and the submarines. In both services the airplane vastly increases the range-and-fire power of the forces involved and contributes tremendously both to attack and defense. The airplane carrier in the Navy provides a mobile airfield which, moving with the Fleet, permits “aerial broadsides” to be delivered against an opposing fleet which may produce decisive results without the firing of a shot by surface craft.

The correctness of the organization of our Army and Navy air forces has been attested by successful battle operations all over the world. Propagandists with no adequate background of war experience seek to change that organization in the midst of a great war, impugn the intelligence and the motives of those who disagree with them, proclaim the massive ground army and the superb fleet that we are organizing as an auxiliary of the airplane, and preach that victory in this war will be won by air power alone. Are such activities inspired solely by loyalty to our country?

JUST as in World War I we could not have too much artillery and machine guns, today we cannot have too much flying artillery and flying machine guns. But though three years of war have already passed, all experience up to date refutes the doctrine of the propagandists and clearly indicates that victory in this war will be won, not by the ground forces alone, not by the sea forces alone, not by the air forces alone, but rather by all three working together in one unified, loyal American team, backed by the manpower and womanpower of the whole nation.



TRADITIONAL GAME

by Tim Cohane

For a minute the end wished he were back on the farm. Pete should have moved to important yardage behind that block

JOE WARREN tried to erase the painful memory of Rhoda Sloan. That was tougher than ignoring the physical nausea that had been eating the inside of him since early morning. The appendix was just a physical thing. He wondered academically if this would be the day when it would put him on his back and demand the scalpel. He hoped not, because Chicken Smith needed the ball game. The crazy Alumni had been after the Chicken, and Craig needed to beat Penn to squelch their bleats. The season had been disappointing. Two November losses. The decline had set in after Pete Clifton, the left halfback spark, went gun shy from an ankle.

From his fullback berth, Joe moved wide, got the angle on the left end, put a truncating block across his lap. For a minute the end wished he were back on the farm. Pete Clifton should have moved to important yardage behind that block. The groan from Craig's side of the field told Joe that

he hadn't. Perhaps the next time.

Pete had been nailed again, because he wasn't moving those knees; wasn't driving. Pete was gun shy. The Chicken knew it. The players knew it. They didn't condemn Pete. They knew it wasn't a question of courage. Pete had been hit high, low, and hard from three sides the day he got that right ankle. Unconsciously, the memory of the crack-up was with him when he ran, caused automatic physical reaction in the face of tackles. He had become a sideline runner. He had lost his robust gift, when cornered, of crashing through after the precious extra yard. He might get over it; they did sometimes, but more often they didn't.

Penn dumped Pete on the Craig thirty-five. Joe looked up wearily at the third-quarter scoreboard. Penn still had the only seven there.

"We kick," Grimault, the quarterback, said.

Joe felt like retching, but he got off the punt almost in the face of the

leering Penn left tackle. Pete had been playing tag with that tackle all day. And Pete was "it." Joe watched his kick bounce tantalizingly near the coffin corner. The ball took an agonizing hop into the end zone. Now Penn could start from its twenty.

The rugged pattern of his scholarship to Craig had suited Joe until Pete came jauntily into their room that night in September.

"Rhoda Sloan's home, Joe," he said.

Joe laid down the textbook. He grinned.

"I can see that makes you feel no pain, Peter. I suppose there will be a dance or something tonight!"

Pete already had yanked off his shirt and tie, draped his belt with a towel. He gurgled from behind clouds of soap:

"Doctor Sloan's throwing a little shindig. Suppose there's no use asking you to come?"

Joe was used to saying no. There was football for the Chicken. There was also the need for decent scholastic grades if he was to earn the technician's job in the Oakdale colliery back home. The Bowers Brothers had promised him that, if he earned it. Anyhow, he never had the money to waste on incidentals that cropped up at a Sloan shindig. It was all right for Pete. The Clifton money actually ran to a cabin cruiser and three polo ponies. The Warren money ran to a 35-cent dinner out of the food money allowed him by the Athletic Association. That way he could send a little money home each week.

But tonight he felt he must relax. He felt drawn, bushed. He was too well conditioned.

"If I owned a tux," he said. "I'd go, Pete."

Pete couldn't believe his ears.

"Don't let that stop you. Borrow Fred Grimault's. Borrow anybody's. There are two dozen of them in this building."

Once in his sophomore year. Pete had introduced Joe to Rhoda. That was before she left for Chicago and the commercial art school. His head had been filled with spinners, reverses, and off-tackle plays and his notice had been casually polite. Now, when he saw her the center of a semi-circle in front of the Sloan fireplace, his look was a stare.

She held out her hand and said: "Hello, Joe. I've been reading about you. You turned out to be a fullback, didn't you?"

Her voice was what he thought it ought to be: full, low, a modulated throb to it. She wore her dark hair in a fluffy part that was almost mannish until a comb flattened it to the back of her head and broke it out into a wide arc of ringed curls. There was a purplish depth to her eyes. Her brown, oval face permitted itself one cosmetic—a tinge of lipstick to illuminate the soft conformity of the forehead, cheeks, and delicate chin.

While they were dancing, she asked:

"What have you been doing be-

Illustrated by PAUL KINNEAR

sides football since I saw you last?"

He was thinking: "I suppose you would say she is a vision."

"Stop daydreaming," she prodded him with a low laugh.

"Oh," he smiled down at her. "Well—when the Chicken gives me time, I study. There's a job in the Bowers Company back home after graduation, if I can show them the grades. I worked there the last three summers. Jim Bowers was a friend of my father's. There's real chance for advancement, if I show them I rate it."

He became apologetic.

"I didn't mean to make this sound like a song and dance about my future. It must be dull to an artist."

"An artist? Just say a dilettante, Joe, and you'll come closer to it. And whoever said there couldn't be artistry in a coal mine? Tell me more. Your father died when you were very young, didn't he?"

"That's why I'll be glad, in a way," Joe said, "when June comes around. My sister has been working and my mother has taken in a boarder to keep things going while I grabbed the chance to come here. I want to get started with Bowers and give the folks their chance to take things easy."

Pete came up to them, to cut in. Joe stepped back, but Rhoda said:

"Not yet, Pete. Joe and I are having fun."

Pete smiled and walked away. It was one of those phoney smiles. He never felt sure of himself with Rhoda. His wealth, he knew, meant nothing to her. He often wondered if she'd admit him beyond the chummy companionship they had experienced now for four years.

She had agreed to give Joe the next to the last dance, but Joe, away from her, decided he'd leave before that. He was uneasy.

He dropped into a lunch cart after the party for a hamburger and coffee. He ate there quite regularly, because he could stoke up cheaply. He knew

it was hurting him, fattening up the troublesome appendix.

"You better get that worm cut out of you, my friend," Pete would say, "or some day you'll double up on me like a jackknife diver."

After that first night at Sloan's party, Joe amazed the Chicken. The September practice stretch is anathema to a senior. But Joe found it an outlet. He could not think of Rhoda with all the unquieting vividness when his bones were beaten into different colors by the savage pounding of the forty guys who were after only eleven jobs.

Pete and himself—mostly just the two of them, with a sweet line purring up ahead—hung it on Leahy's first Notre Dame team and he relaxed under the shower and realized that the pain of being cut off from Rhoda dulled his own appreciation of what he had contributed to the Chicken's joy.

The Chicken was overflowing. He came over to Joe and snapped a towel at him.

"That was a good Notre Dame team," the Chicken said, "and we take them by two markers. They'll be talking about you and Pete all over the country tonight."

Joe looked over. Pete's two brothers stood over him like two gloating angels. Pete was a lucky guy. Not because of the dough angle; not because he was nifty like Grange and Eshmont. But Rhoda would be waiting for him tonight.

Partly to torture himself, partly because there was no excuse for doing otherwise, he left the locker room with the Cliftons. She was there, with two other couples, standing in the shadow of two maples that overhung the nearest portal.

They were headed for dinner at the Union Club. Pete usually invited Joe along. Tonight, with a quick glance at Rhoda, he let the opportunity go by. But she spoke up: "Make Joe come along, too," she said. "He has as much reason to celebrate as you."

"Thanks no," Joe was almost panicky about it. "There are a couple of fellows from back home waiting for me in the room. I told them to meet me there after the game. I'm late now. But thanks."

There had been a couple of fellows up from home, but they had started the long drive back immediately

Football, and a job back home, left no room for romance. At least, that is what Joe Warren, star fullback, tried to tell himself

after the final gun, well heeled with a bottle of Harrison's Irish and the memory of Craig's second touch-down, when Joe, behind Pete's money block, careened twenty-two yards on the fullback reverse off right tackle.

Joe took off his coat, shoes and tie, flung himself on the bed, hands pillowing his head.

"By now," he thought, "they're having a cocktail."

He thought, then, that there were some nice things in life he could work up to, but that Rhoda was beyond him.

It seemed to him he must have fallen asleep, and when Gregory, the watchman, knocked on the door and looked in, Joe switched on the bed lamp and eyed the clock on the bureau. It was only nine.

"Telephone," Gregory was saying.

It was her voice he heard, and his surprise was the sweet thrill of a lifetime.

"I had a headache," she explained, "and all that noise at the Union was simply making it worse. I came home and rested for awhile. Lots better, now." She hesitated slightly and then: "It's been a long time since the party, Joe. There's plenty of beer on the ice up here."

He seldom felt as young as he really was. But this was a time. He even wore his letter sweater for the first time since he had won it. On the bus out to Swinton, he thought again: "She wouldn't fit into the picture back home. But I can't think of that tonight."

He felt like laughing at the butler who said: "Miss Sloan is in the library, Mr. Warren."

The only light was the evanescent reflection of the crackling logs. She wore a green frock and she stood where she had that first night. As naturally as ever he had won a yard, he swept her in.

"I've been waiting for this since the first, darling," she whispered.

"It had to be," Joe said. "I nearly choked to death when you left outside the Stadium tonight; in heaven when you phoned. And that's a pretty speech for a dumb footballer."

"Not a dumb footballer," she said. "The football makes no difference to me, one way or the other, although I'm glad you're good at it."

He ignored the backdrop of Oakdale; the family who were waiting for June. He kissed Rhoda again.

When he left Rhoda that night he returned to the room. Although it was two o'clock, Pete was sitting on the bed in his shorts.

"I suppose she called you," he began. "I knew she would after she left us. She has it bad on you, Mister. I'd feel worse, except I know it really doesn't affect me. You see, I am just the guy you go riding with or swimming with or dance with or play bridge with."

"Well," Joe said, "I have it bad myself. And that's a fine mix-up, isn't it?"

Pete looked up, curiously.

"What do you mean—a mix-up?"

"What can it come to for me?" Joe said. "What can it come to after June? I've got a job to do home. You know about that. I've got to give them a lift in June. How could she fit into that picture? Do you think I'd ask her?"

"You wouldn't ask her, eh?" Pete laughed. "Don't be a fool. Do you think she'd need asking. Do you think it would make any difference to her? But I guess I forget you haven't known her long."

It was on the following Thursday, with the Dartmouth game coming up, that Pete got the ankle. The Chicken was grinding them through a scrimmage with the Freshmen. The Freshman center was an ambitious soul who wanted to impress the Chicken. Pete, bolting over guard on a spinner, was stopped by the left tackle and the fullback. But the Freshman center piled on. Pete's ankles were pinned and his trunk was ripped backward. Something had to give and it was the ankle.

Joe and Ed Feder carried him off the

field. Scrap Frietag, the trainer, ripped adhesive tape from the injured foot. Pete bit his lips.

"Doc Sloan will be here in a minute, kid," Scrap said.

The doctor was quicker than that. He felt gingerly of the ankle and frowned.

"It's not broken, but it's a pretty serious sprain. You won't be able to put running weight on it for two weeks, Pete," he said. "We'll strap it up and keep you on crutches for a week. That's to make certain you don't try to run on it before you should."

He was handsome, brusque, sure of himself. In many ways, Joe thought, Rhoda was her father's daughter.

Joe followed him out of Scrap's sanctum. Doc Sloan heard the footsteps behind him in the semidark of



He ignored the backdrop of Oakdale; the family who were waiting for June. He kissed Rhoda again

the gymnasium corridor. Joe held out his hand.

"I'm Joe Warren, Doctor. Met you at Rhoda's party last month."

"Oh yes, Warren," Sloan shook hands, half-smiling. "I've heard Rhoda mention you since. Seems to think you're quite a fullback. Guess she's right, eh? It's been one sports hero after another for Rhoda, ever since her teens. One of the disadvantages of trying to bring up a daughter next door to a school with a high-powered sports setup, eh, Warren?"

He indulged in a friendly enough chuckle as he said this, but Joe could not miss the message.

"He must have an idea Rhoda's interested," Joe thought, "and that's his way of warning me off. Well, that will make it easier."

He took a long breath. "I won't see her again," he promised himself, even though they had a date that night.

He had planned to meet her in the Union after a visit to Pete, who was chafing in the Infirmary. But he walked the other way. He walked for a long time and finally, when he was sure his mind was set, he returned to the room and picked up the textbook. There was nothing on the pages for him. He heard the phone ring down the hall and started up from his chair, all his intentions dissolved in an instant. Then he slumped back again, dropped the book to the floor and stared hopelessly at the wall. He heard Gregory answer the call.

"Hold the wire, ma'am," the watchman said. "I'll see if he's in his room."

"Tell her I'm out, Greg," Joe said, mechanically. "And if she calls again, well—the same."

Craig managed to get by Dartmouth without missing Pete, because Dartmouth was sub par this year and Joe Warren took up the slack by plunging and blocking like a wild man. Wabash, a breather, came next and went the way of most breathers. But Wisconsin was to follow and the Chicken needed Pete for Wisconsin. Stuhldreher finally had assembled a powerhouse at Madison. With Doc Sloan's permission, they tried Pete, well-strapped ankle and all, in a Thursday scrimmage before getting on the train to Madison.

"Just enough to have him get the feel of being whacked again, Doc," the Chicken explained plaintively.

The tip-off came the very first time Pete got the ball. Joe swept wide ahead of him, knocked down the Freshman left end. Pete sped for the flank without the trace of a limp and the Chicken grinned all over himself. Then the grin was frozen. When the left halfback and safety man came up to challenge Pete, he had plenty of room to attempt maneuvering back inside them. He might have gone all the way. Instead, as they bore down on him, he stepped nimbly across the sidelines, kept running until he was sure they had heard the Chicken's whistle. The Chicken made a gesture as if he wanted to rub his eyes.

THAT was how Wisconsin beat them. Pete's ankle was strong but there was a sprain in his nervous system that Scrap couldn't reach with adhesive. The Chicken was inconsolable. His undefeated season had gone down the pipe.

"Everything has gone crazy, Joe," Pete muttered. "I'm flinching out there. I'm gun shy. And I asked Rhoda for a date tonight. She surprised me. Now, I wish she hadn't. It will be tough for me to look her in the face tonight."

Joe kidded himself that he was glad she was seeing Pete again. "It helps wash me up," he thought, and it made him wish there was more air in the locker room.

"Never mind, kid," he said, "you'll snap out of it. I had the same thing in high school," he lied.

This time he waited until long after Pete had dressed and left, when he would be sure not to run into them. Then he put on his clothes wearily.

He had found Rhoda could be as hard about it as himself. He knew well enough that if she did call, he wouldn't answer, yet for three weeks he had lain on his bed nights, hoping to hear the ring down the hall. It hadn't come, no more than Pete had thrown off his haunt.

Minnesota ground them to bits. Joe was glad that Penn was coming next. It kept all of them—himself, Pete and the Chicken—from thinking too much about what Minnesota had done.

Joe cursed the nausea; drove, twisted, fought his way through the convoy of Penn blockers. He smashed the apex interferer away from the

ball carrier. Glenn Small, a vicious little guard, helped him box Maxa, Penn's spearhead threat, who had scored the touchdown on a 35-yard canter early in the day.

Now Maxa looked his respect. He dropped back to kick. It was a beauty. It soared down to the Craig fifteen. Pete took it, side-stepped the first end, twisted away from the second. Then, instead of charging straight upfield where there was a lane, he tried to elude the oncoming tackler with another side-step. In the days before the ankle, he would have brought the ball back twenty yards. Now, this third man downfield floored him almost in his tracks.

Grimault looked hopelessly at Joe. Ten minutes left. They could make out the Penn goal posts ninety-five yards away in the fast gathering gloom. They might have been a mirage, for all the closer Craig had been able to get.

Joe muttered to Grimault: "Call time out, Fred."

Joe bent over, held his hands to his stomach, forced himself to retch violently.

An official walked over, but he waved him off.

"I'm all right. Just something I ate for breakfast." To himself, he added: "What a finish for the Chicken. Poor Pete's gun shy and they ought to be slapping an ether cone on me. I wonder what Rhoda's thinking about up there behind the forty some place. She probably thinks I had the wind knocked out of me. I wonder if she's sorry I'm hurt?"

Craig had the ball on her fifteen. Grimault sent Johnny Harrison at Penn's right tackle. There was no blocking help from Pete Clifton. The Penn right tackle piled up the play.

The nausea was inexorable but Joe grated:

"How about calling the 28 pass, Fred?"

It was a spin play, breaking into a pass. Feder snapped the ball. Pete spun, faked it to Joe, who again came sweeping across from right to left in the direction of the defensive right tackle, only to dip wide at the last instant and circle out around the right end. Pete, dropping back three steps, hurriedly led him with the ball. Joe made a hopeless leap to reach it. But Pete again had overthrown. Abrams was leaping up to intercept the ball. There was a clear

path to the Craig goal line for Abrams, and Joe groaned. But Abrams tried to run with the ball before he got his hands on it. It bounced out of his grasp. With typical caprice, it floated directly in Joe's path. He seized it as he would a life preserver and raced down the sidelines.

For all his size, Joe was nifty in the open. He made the Penn safety man commit himself. The Penn man played it slowly, safely, tried to collar Joe on the twenty-five. He leaped and then Joe pivoted wickedly and twisted away from the arm that clawed at him. At that instant the nausea became terrible again and he almost dropped the ball. In the end zone, he fell to his knees to touch the ball down. Grimault kissed him on the helmet. Pete helped him to his feet.

"Terrific," they said. "It was terrific, Joe."

"That little worm is really eating me this time," he gasped. "I've got to get to a hospital as soon as this is over. Tell the Chicken, but don't tell him until the game's over. Let's make this placement good."

He held the ball for Grimault. Harrison blocked off to the left. But Abrams came bursting through Pete's poor block on the kicking-toe side. The ball hit Abrams' elbow, bounced harmlessly away to the right.

Joe trudged wearily back up the field. There were six minutes left. Penn had substituted more often. Penn was the fresher.

Maxa took Grimault's kickoff back to the Penn twenty-six, and while Penn took its sweet time about running off three plays, the minute hand on the big clock went around twice. When Maxa tore his toe into the ball and drove it out of bounds on the Craig twenty-seven, there were hardly four minutes left.

In the huddle, Joe retched again. The nausea went so deep, he found it hard to breathe.

"You better get out of here," Grimault pleaded. "You can't do us any good, Joe. And," he added, a bit sorrowfully, "you might as well take Pete with you."

"We've got to pass, Fred," Joe said. "Not much time left. Let's try old 25, make it deep. I can still run. Just get it some place near me, Pete!"

He faked the block at the Penn right end and raced down the side-

line. The eternal Maxa was coming over to pick him up. He shot a glance over his right shoulder. He saw the pass was too short. Maxa would intercept it.

He reversed himself, fled back in the direction he had come. He fought blindly to beat Maxa to the arc of the ball. They leaped together at the midfield stripe. Joe came down with it somehow.

And then rage at himself seized Pete Clifton. A hot mist filmed his eyes. Rhoda was up there in the stands. There was not love for him, he knew; but there had been respect.

Three minutes. Grimault called the fullback reverse. Pete came across from wingback to lead the play through the hole. Glenn Small blocked the Penn left end. There was a gaping slit for Joe. But Maxa was coming up to meet it. Instinctively, Pete started his block so as to hit more of the ground than of Maxa. Couldn't get hurt that way. He heard Joe Warren pounding behind. Joe was a sick man and Maxa would hit him head on. With a wild, supreme effort, Pete flung himself through the air in Maxa's path. The great Maxa flew backward, landed on his back as Pete went tumbling over him.

Joe smiled painfully at that money block and the man who threw it. He roared by. They knocked him out of bounds on the Penn eighteen, and it was then the wave rolled across his stomach, concentrated in his side with a loud stab like the crescendo in a symphony. He staggered upright, but it doubled him. He was still doubled in the huddle. He muttered to Grimault:

"Give it to Pete. He's all right again. Off tackle. I'll block the end. Only time for one more, Fred."

FOR him there could be only one more. That was what he meant. Grimault looked at Pete.

Pete kept his head down.

"Just move that tackle a little," he kept repeating. "Just move him a little. I'll go all the way."

They moved the tackle. But Joe was through then, couldn't handle the end. Staggered into him more than anything. The end gave him an arm shiver that sent him lurching to the ground in despair. The end ripped at Pete. But Pete was the old ghost. He spun through and away and he whacked the groggy Maxa with a stiff arm that was like a Louis

left jab. He was running free across the 15. The safety man was closing in on him, when he heard Glenn Small, coming up from the rear, pant: "Slow it a little, Pete, and move to the middle. I'll take him." He maneuvered for Small. The chunky guard rode into the safety. Pete took it into the end zone.

There was plenty of noise. Nobody paid much attention to him when he said: "That one wasn't for Craig or the Chicken. That one was for myself." He touched the ball down. When he straightened up his eyes were shining. They looked the thundering world about him straight on. There was Rhoda, but he remembered the lines: "For if she be not for me, What care I for whom she be?"

Joe was thankful for the ether. He inhaled it in rich, copious draughts. He seemed to be on an escalator and voices around him were singing in a chorus of wonderment: "He played fifty-eight minutes with that!"

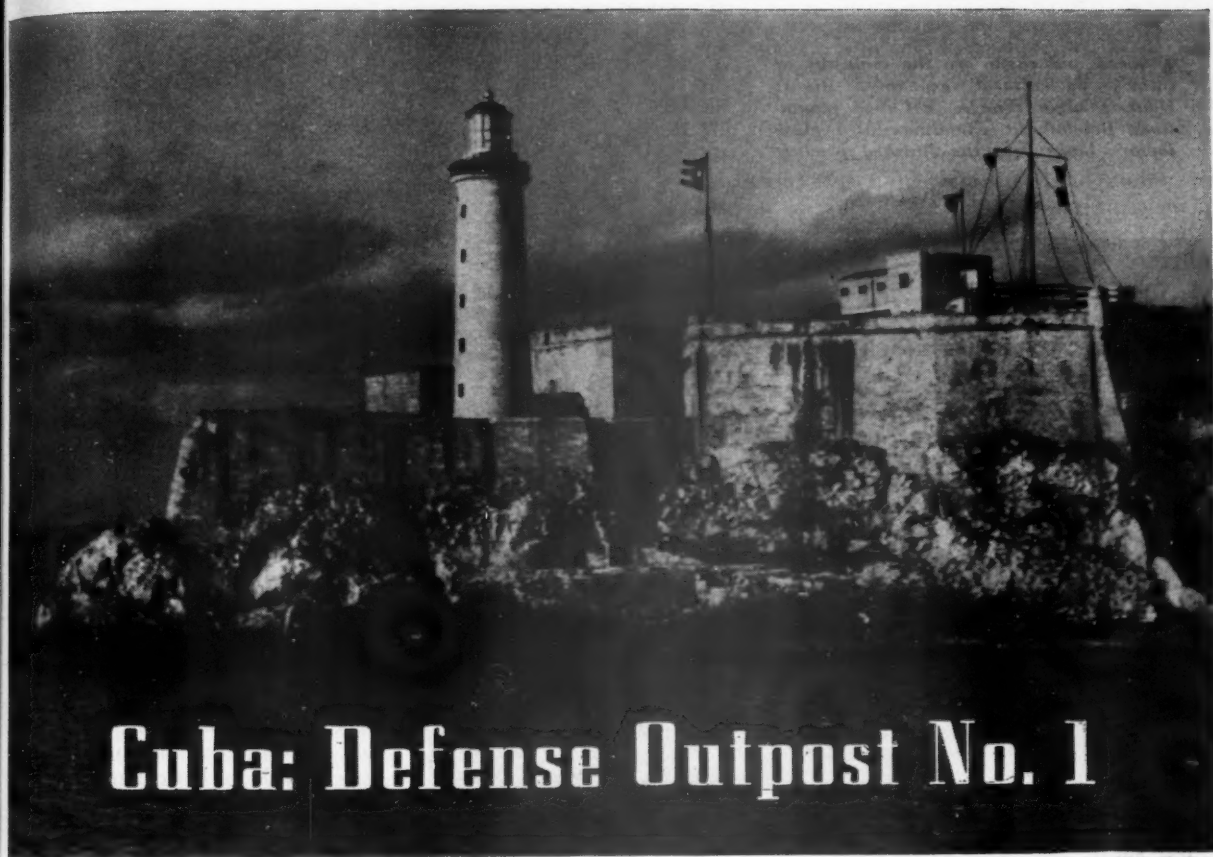
When he awoke he was sick from the ether but he closed his eyes with relief that the agony was gone. The nurse was saying: "You have drains and we have to watch you carefully for a day or two. But Doctor Sloan says there's little chance of peritonitis." So Sloan had cut him. Well, that was natural. He thought of Rhoda and then he remembered Pete driving and twisting those eighteen yards. He remembered the Chicken in the ambulance with him. The Chicken must be on top of the world. It was good not to have that pain any more. Then he thought of Rhoda again. Finally he dozed off into dreamless sleep.

When he awoke, it was a bright, clear, cold, November Sunday, and the bare branches of a maple were scratching against the window pane to the left of his bed. He turned his head idly to the other side and he saw, then, that she was there in the chair next to his night table. Somehow, he was not surprised. He put his hand out for hers.

After a long time, she said: "Dad can't get over your playing in that condition. He's usually cut and dried about things. You've shaken him."

"I guess I was kidding myself all along," he said. "Guess you'll have to get used to Oakdale at that."

"Why should that be so hard?" she asked.



Cuba: Defense Outpost No. 1

Philip Gendreau

Morro Castle, the ancient fortress that stands guard over the entrance to Havana Harbor

ON A MAP Cuba resembles an immense alligator sprawled off the tip of Florida. The tail of the island, in this comparison, stretches hundreds of miles into the Caribbean Sea, while the jaws, almost due south of Detroit, Michigan, point in the direction of Key West. Santiago, the easternmost city of the Republic, lies parallel to New York. The island is seven hundred miles long, the largest unit in the Antilles, about equal in area to New York or Pennsylvania. If the back of an alligator can sometimes be taken for a half-submerged log or hillock, so Cuba, narrow, flat, and sea-lapped, leaps to the eye of the map reader as a springboard or steppingstone between the Atlantic Ocean and continental United States. From the standpoint of geopolitics, military, naval, and air warfare, few territories bear a more strategic relationship to North America. Without apologies to Bermuda or Trinidad, "the Pearl of the Antilles" can be called U. S. defense outpost Number One.

For this reason, Cuban politics,

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

Cuban economics and what, for want of a better term, we may call Cuban social life have a special interest for the people of the United States. Whether they like it or not, Cubans and North Americans have a rendezvous with destiny. They will meet their zero hour together. And the measure of their success will be the measure of their mutual understanding of common problems.

There are four and one half million people in Cuba. Although predominantly white and Spanish by extraction, these are intermingled with a substantial number of Negroes and mulattoes. Traces of Indian and Eurasian blood are discernible, while a compact Chinese element is not without importance. More than one Cuban in public life at the present time shows a proportion of each one of these strains. The Minister of Public Education, for example, is definitely a gentleman of color. Race bulked so large at one crisis that a

law was enacted forbidding political parties based on color.

From the economic point of view, Cuba is a farming community. Three-quarters of the population depend on the land for their livelihood. Sugar is king, with tobacco a distant second. Every Cuban is conscious of the sugar culture, regardless of his profession or occupation. Bootblacks, waiters, and taxi drivers follow the rise and fall of sugar prices. Physicians, lawyers, and engineers scrutinize every newspaper item describing sugar ration plans in foreign lands. Each year, the island produces over three million tons of sugar, or ten per cent of the world market.

The cost of production is the lowest on the face of the globe, because for the most part fertilizers are unnecessary, whereas in Java, Cuba's principal competitor prior to 1942, large quantities of ammonium sulphate are required. Sugar constitutes 73 per cent of all Cuban exports. Consequently, it is easy to see that, when the world demand for sugar is strong, Cuban economy is dynamic.

Tobacco and sugar are the mainstay of Cuba's agricultural economy. Right: Hauling sugar cane on a Cuban plantation. Below: An examiner in a cigar factory looks over the finished product



Philip Gendron

Three Lions

But sugar, like steel, seems fated to be either "prince or pauper." In 1919, when the "dance of the millions" was at its height under the stimulus of conditions created by World War I, sugar brought as much as twenty-five cents a pound. Sugar millionaires were the playboys of Monte Carlo, Paris, London, and New York. With the collapse of the boom, it was hard to get one cent a pound for sugar. The millionaires mortgaged their estates to the big New York banks (principally Chase National and National City), while the small producers and field workers starved by the thousands.

Now there is some degree of stability because the United States Government guarantees a price of 3.56 cents on a definite quota basis, whether the product is delivered or not. Sugar still comprises the economic backbone of the island. But the time has long since passed when a sugar baron would light a cigarette with a five-dollar note or tip the leader of his favorite dance orchestra with a one hundred dollar bill.

The condition of the Cuban industry may be judged from the following facts: 1) whereas the United

States market once absorbed ninety per cent of the island's production, it now takes about sixty-five per cent of the total; 2) the European market has been practically nonexistent since the outbreak of the war; 3) although rival producers in the Far East have been cut off, their place as competitors is being taken by U. S. Southern cane planters and Rocky Mountain States beet growers; 4) since sixty per cent of the Cuban plantations and sugar mills are owned by U. S. interests, they allow such profits or dividends as are actually available to be funneled out of the island, leaving little but the husks in the hands of Cuban citizens; 5) due to rationing plans now in force in many parts of the world, sugar substitutes are being developed, while a vast consuming public is being educated either to new tastes or to a drastic reduction in the amount of sweetening habitually taken.

In the light of these changes, some of which may be termed revolutionary, many patriotic Cubans believe that their country must try large-scale diversification of agriculture, with the emphasis upon subsistence crops. At best, price stabilization for

sugar based upon a guaranteed market is only a temporary expedient. As in our own deep South, the "cash crop" system is on the way out.

As an indication of what can be done, economists point to the fact that Cuba's seven million cows not only provide for basic domestic needs but also provide an increasingly profitable item in export trade. With equal facility Cubans could produce and pack tomato juice (an import from the U. S. A.) which now retails in Havana restaurants and grocery stores at thirty or forty cents a can. Just why Cuba, a rich agricultural country, should import rice (an essential ingredient of the delicious *arroz con pollo*) is another mystery.

Tobacco, it has been mentioned, is the second industry of Cuba. Just as the best sugar land is found in the province of Oriente in the east, so the richest tobacco soil abounds in the western region of Pinar del Rio. For taste and flavor the *Vuelta Abajo* brand from this section is world-famous. When Winston Churchill remarks, "Cuba is always on my lips," he is probably inhaling this variety. In Havana tobacco means cigar.

Unlike sugar culture, tobacco production and cigar manufacture are largely in the hands of Cubans. It is a national industry in the true sense of the word. But the competition of cigarettes is gradually undermining the market for Havana cigars. Even in Cuba the popularity of Lucky Strikes and Chesterfields is growing apace. As a result, for twenty years the demand for cigars has been

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decreasing. The United States market grows smaller almost every year, while European clients are served only with the greatest of difficulty.

Shortly after the close of World War I, Cuba sold fifty million dollars worth of cigars and tobacco abroad, chiefly in the United States. In this golden era the tobacco worker was well paid. Proud of his skill, he was ambitious to develop culturally. Every cigar factory and workroom still has a reader who, according to the taste and preference of his audience, gives a daily course in literature and general information. During the Independence period, the Cuban patriot, José Martí, used to visit these workrooms, recruiting from the ranks of the well-read cigar workers some of the most enthusiastic apostles of the cause.

The public readings have been continued, of course, but the cigar manufacturing business has retained but the shadow of its former prosperity. The fifty million dollar exports of the boom days have fallen to a scant fifteen million. Although some companies have tried to adapt their resources to the changed popular habits by producing both cigarettes and cigars, they are apparently waging a losing battle. To paraphrase Tom Marshall, onetime Vice-President of the United States, "what the country needs" is not "a good five-cent cigar," but somebody to smoke Havana perfectos.

Normally, the third source of Cuban revenue would be the tourist industry. Hotel keepers, taxi chauffeurs, liquor dealers, and casino operators all cashed in on the lavish spending of American visitors. Widely known as the "Paris of America," Havana attracted a goodly crop of sun-worshippers and pleasure-seekers during the winter months. Now the river of tourist gold has run dry. The sole consolation for the island's inhabitants is that a number of defense projects, paid for by Washington money, are rising at strategic points, furnishing employment to hundreds, and in some cases, to thousands of men.

In place of the tourists, the Cubans now see members of the U. S. armed forces co-operating with the national Army and Navy in keeping watch and ward over the Caribbean. Each week, convoys, loaded with food-stuffs and vital defense materials, run the gauntlet of Axis submarines. We who attended The Sign Seminar at the University of Havana this summer know with what skill and courage our seamen and pilots are managing to "deliver the goods." We know that despite torpedoes and mines, the ships, in larger and larger quotas, are "getting through" to their destinations. In a dramatic and highly perilous fashion the convoy business is fast becoming a substitute for the tourist trade.

These are the facts that high-

lighted the background of The Sign Seminar. Wartime Cuba extended a hearty welcome to the professors and students who ventured far from their homes in order to further the cause of Spiritual Inter-Americanism. In fact, the members of the Seminar felt at times that they were supplementing the work of the armed forces, inasmuch as the good people of Cuba were heartened to find that the students from the United States were determined to strengthen their spiritual and cultural ties with the Good Neighbor Republics through days of storm and struggle. Army and Navy officers in Cuba were among the most enthusiastic supporters of the Seminar movement.

It is pleasant to report that the United States Department of State took the same attitude. Priorities for air travel from Miami to Havana were granted to members of the Seminar by no less a person than the Hon. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State. Other facilities for travel, investigation, and study were granted through the courtesy of the Hon. Sumner Welles, Undersecretary of State. As a result, Mr. Spruille Braden, United States Ambassador to Cuba, gave a generous measure of co-operation to the Seminar activities and functions.

At this point, it should be emphasized (or rather re-emphasized) that The Sign Seminar is a project deliberately pitched on the university level in the belief that the young men and young women of today, who have the proper background and scientific information, will be the dominant figures in the future of the Western Hemisphere.

The courses at the University of Havana embraced Spanish, Portuguese, Ibero-American literature, art, history, diplomacy, economics, and constitutional law. Language instruction was particularly good. Some students, who had come to Cuba with an indifferent knowledge of Spanish, found themselves able to shop, talk, and travel in that tongue before the end of the summer.

The Director of the Summer Session at the University of Havana was Dr. Luis A. Baralt. This gentleman, a one-time Secretary of Education in the Cuban Cabinet, had the vision to provide a series of plays, motion picture exhibitions, art displays, recitals, and musical concerts that kept the evening hours lively as well as instructive. Dr. Baralt also entertained

Dr. Joseph F. Thorning, Director of The Sign Seminar to Havana, with a group of the Seminar members



the Seminar members in his home, where it was possible to meet several outstanding personalities of the Cuban Senate and Chamber of Deputies. Indeed, personal contact was established for the students with many governmental officials, members of the diplomatic corps, including all the South American representatives accredited to the Republic of Cuba, university scholars, architects, poets, artists, and authors.

Each week end, field trips or excursions were organized for the Seminar. Some of the features of this program were visits to typical sugar plantations and textile mills; an inspection of cigar factories, large and small; a tour of Camp Columbia, the military encampment; and intimate glimpses of work in hospitals, social centers, clinics, and dispensaries. An interesting parallel was established between the famous Workers' Hospital at Lima and the new Maternity Hospital for the wives of workingmen in the suburbs of Havana. Comparing the two institutions, Seminar members agreed that both represented the trend toward social justice apparent in many parts of the South and Central American scene.

Of course, the educators in the party spent many hours of participant observation at the Cuban normal colleges, agricultural research centers, and rural schools. It was interesting to note, for example, that Cuban officials are doing their best to develop a silkworm culture in the Republic that would supply essential needs in the Western Hemisphere. The work, although still in the experimental stages, may stimulate activity in similar lines in other American Republics.

In the admiration expressed by our professors and students for much of the educational work undertaken under State auspices in Cuba there was a single note of sad surprise. This can be summed up in the words of a girl from the United States who had just been graduated from a Catholic college. She commented as follows:

"It is clear that the young men and young women of Cuba who are preparing for teaching careers are getting a fair amount of scientific instruction. Furthermore, they are being trained to sound habits of personal hygiene, regular order, and professional pride. But nowhere in the public educational system is there

a trace of religious influence. This would be understandable in a land and in a country predominantly pagan. But Cuba, from the time of its discovery and colonization, has been Christian. Why should it be impossible to find a crucifix or even a cross in any of the normal colleges, technical centers, or rural schools?

"This phase of Cuban life startles me. What does it mean for the future to have a whole generation of teachers brought up in the shadow of religious indifference? To be sure, there is a Catholic University Association at the national institution of learning in Havana, but you don't find even a Newman Club or any other organized Catholic activity at the pedagogic institutes throughout the island. Since some of these centers have an enrollment of a thousand prospective teachers, why should they not have regular chaplains or spiritual directors?"

Of course, this problem is complicated by the fact that there are only 400 priests available to care for the needs of more than four million people. As in other parts of Latin America, it has been difficult to foster vocations among Cuban nationals. Personnel for the clergy has to be recruited from Europe, largely from Spain. At the moment, propaganda against everything Spanish is powerful in official Cuban circles. Consequently, the priests labor under a double handicap.

It was an inspiring experience for the Seminar professors and students to visit a number of Catholic academies for boys and girls. Among these were the *Colegio Guanabacoa*, conducted by the Fathers of the *Escuelas Pias*, and the *Colegio Beñe*, directed by the Jesuits. Both these institutions are pillars of religious education in Cuba.

A WELL-INFORMED North American explained the situation in these words: "Catholicism, thanks to the secondary schools and the heroic apostolate of His Excellency, the Papal Nuncio, the Most Reverend George J. Caruana, is on the 'rebound' throughout the Republic. The men are beginning to assist at Holy Mass and other religious services in appreciable numbers. In a word, the Church is regaining prestige and popularity. The reverence and affection felt toward Archbishop Caruana have been the most power-

ful factors in this movement. The graduates of the Catholic *colegios* all rally around the Nuncio as their leader and friend. The problem at present is to hold these gains and to achieve further progress."

A striking manifestation of the esteem enjoyed by Archbishop Caruana was given at the banquet tendered to the Papal Nuncio by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor William Barry, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Miami Beach, Florida, and Chairman of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Ibero America. The dinner was attended by Ambassador and Mrs. Spruille Braden, Monsignor Carlos Martini, the Nuncio's Secretary, Dr. Baralt, Director of the Summer School, the U. S. Military Attaché, Colonel Albert L. Loustalot, and Mrs. Loustalot, Professor Joseph S. Cardinale of St. John's University, Associate Director of the Seminar, and many members of the armed forces of Cuba and the United States.

The principal addresses were made by Archbishop Caruana, Monsignor Barry, Ambassador Braden, Mr. Ernesto de Zaldo (Cuba's leading engineer) and Professor Cardinale. Everyone present was enrolled as an active worker for the cause of Christ in the Americas.

Just before our departure from Cuba, we were received in the historic Archiepiscopal Palace by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Manuel Arteaga y Betancourt, Archbishop of Havana. Archbishop Arteaga, in a most gracious manner, conducted the students through his residence and gave them his personal blessing in his private chapel. Then he presented each boy and girl with medals and crosses, assuring them that they would be most welcome to return for future Seminars at the University of Havana. His Excellency also accepted an invitation to serve as one of the Honorary Presidents of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Ibero America. His words on this occasion were significant:

"I am delighted to see our Catholic youth interested and active in the movement for Spiritual Inter-Americanism. The accent on youth and the emphasis on the value of the university approach to the American Republics are precious elements in the Seminar program. University youth represent leadership in the world of tomorrow!"



Divided We Stand

By JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

THE title of this article is more than a paradox, it is an indictment. It is a condemnation of a dangerous weakness in American democracy. This vice is the continuance of disunity in spite of war, indeed, often under the cloak of the war effort.

The mentality behind this peril might be illustrated at first by examples which are more amusing than menacing. We are all aware that many industries use the war as a means of promoting their own sales, even of products which by any reasonable standard must be classed as pure luxuries. We have been told that if we do not use a certain brand of shampoo or chew the right type of gum, civilian morale will inevitably take a disastrous slump. The present writer, as member of a war

ration board, encounters hundreds of ingenious attempts to make non-essential items so vital that one wonders how the A.E.F. has survived without these indispensable weapons. Such things are not taken seriously.

Not so harmless are the efforts to promote causes which divide the nation in a serious way. These drives injure national morale. They take the heart out of the war effort and separate groups which should pull together—at least for the duration. Often they involve rumormongering.

A graphic example of disunity is found in the political sphere. There is a great deal of playing politics at the expense of victory. Thus, for example, it is openly admitted that certain sacrifices are to be withheld

until after the November elections. It is widely conceded that there will be no vote on a tax bill nor on several other controversial issues this fall. This involves a concession to pressure groups at a time when national interest should be supreme. It fosters the attitude that sacrifices are for others, not for groups with adequate political power.

Another example of this same spirit of disunity is found in the attitude of many toward the President. All, of course, profess loyalty to the Commander-in-Chief, but many then proceed to perpetrate malicious attacks upon his subordinates. Such is certainly the case with several widely syndicated columnists, who calmly blame every failure in the war effort upon "New Dealers," "reformers," "inside labor leaders," and similar

Decoration by ROBERT ALLAWAY

scapegoats. Statements of this type are usually false, since the war effort from the beginning has been run by industrialists in government service and by Army and Navy men, groups which are hardly "New Deal." The danger of such lies cannot easily be overestimated, since columnists put them out as known inside facts and thus deceive many normally allergic to propaganda and partisan statements. Reiterated and unjust sniping impairs confidence in our government and impedes efforts to attain true unity.

It is not asserted that the President should be immune from sincere, informed, and constructive criticism. Judgments of this type can well express the highest type of patriotism. Outstanding examples of this are found in the Roberts report and the Baruch report. Again, it is not implied that columnists are the only offenders. Many other leaders of public opinion, such as at least three newspapers, several radio commentators, and occasional magazines are no more careful. Finally, it is not charged that every columnist is unreliable. Some openly give their own opinions as such. Others sincerely report the views of informed persons. Both of these types are honest. The dangerous brand comprises those who give out as accepted facts views which at best are but one side of a controversy and at worst are dangerous untruths. Their usual objects of attack are social reformers, labor unions, and taxes on corporations and wealthy individuals. Dishonest attacks hurt democracy even in peace time; in war they remind us again of what happened in France when the press served faction rather than country.

There is unnecessary disunity between capital and labor today. Much of this has been deliberately provoked by a "strategy of hate," a phrase borrowed from an article in the *Harvard Business Review*. The writer of this excellent analysis feels that both capital and labor are victims of vicious propaganda. He holds that capital has suffered even more than labor. To prove this he cites the attacks, wise with the wisdom of hindsight, upon dollar-a-year men in Washington. He is bitter against those who impugned the patriotism of executives of Standard Oil (synthetic rubber), General Electric (carbonyl), the Aluminum Company of

America (aluminum and magnesium shortage), and the like.

This present writer would agree completely that it is malicious to charge treason against such executives. Objectively speaking, monopoly, cartel agreements, and business as usual have harmed the war effort. They have hurt it many, many times more than the well-published strikes of labor. Furthermore, a glance at the Gallup poll would show that the public is ignorant of this fact. Business has not had a bad press. Nevertheless there have been unfair charges. This injustice is not excused by the fact that greater injustices have been perpetrated against labor.

THIS attack on labor has included several organized campaigns. The first, initiated before we entered the war, was treated in *THE SIGN* in April 1941. Last spring, we had the forty-hour week controversy which raged through the headlines for many weeks. Behind it was at least one of the great national organizations of business men. (Fortunately this group, through its new president, has completely reversed its policy. Its present program of genuine cooperation with labor and government is a most heartening development.) First the public was led to believe that workers were not allowed to work over forty hours (actually the average in war work was nearer fifty). Then it was argued that overtime premium pay was unpatriotic (and just as seriously argued that business must receive extra profits to entice additional war production). Finally the whole controversy bogged down when the public was informed on the real issues in the case. Such was the most recent organized campaign. Subsequent antilabor publicity has simply been the usual headlining of every strike (even though the blocking of steel expansion by large firms has cost over fifty times the man hours lost through all strikes).

The dangerous aspect of these campaigns is the distorted picture presented to the public. They have succeeded in blackening organized labor in the minds of very many Americans. Yet the complete picture is quite different. Granting that strikes in war time are wrong, it is unfair to blame the 99.9 per cent of faithful workers for the 0.1 per cent who may have neglected their

duty. It is even more wrong to blame labor leaders for wildcat strikes which they did everything to prevent. It is criminal to ignore the tremendous contributions by labor to the production of weapons of war.

There is hardly a major industry where labor suggestions have not contributed towards startling increase in production. Where organized labor-management committees have been founded, production has increased an average of twenty-five per cent. Plant after plant has consistently bettered its all-time records. Men have made great sacrifices through prolonged overwork, giving up of vacations, and the like. It is true that such efforts are expected in time of war. Men whose sons are in the armed forces do not seek special praise for their work. But they might well demand relief from incessant petty attacks, based on casual, one-sided studies of isolated cases. One wonders if any profession in the country, none exempted, could keep its reputation if the abuses of a negligent minority were headlined daily. We would soon lose faith in our doctors, lawyers, military men, and clergy if every mistake or failure were broadcast from the housetops. Yet such is the way we treat American labor.

There are other sore spots in the nation. Some spring from conflicts between various pressure groups, such as farm versus city, selected taxpayers against the general public, and favored individuals in contrast to the unfavored many. Others are continuations of ancient prejudices, possibly nourished by sources which are not above suspicion. The first type of trouble indicates a persistence of a life-as-usual attitude for many. They approve sacrifice in principle, but are willing to step aside and let others do the practice. This was most strikingly manifested in the days of voluntary gasoline rationing. The system collapsed because of favoritism on the part of dealers, the very dealers who fought against the present method on the ground that they could be trusted to allocate gasoline fairly.

Again, we hear that proposed taxes are confiscatory, leaving no incentive for war production! Actually we are taxed far less than any other warring nation. Moreover, there are certain incentives other than high profits which might conceivably induce us

to turn out weapons of war. The uncertainty and hesitation which these disputes engender tend to lessen national generosity. People are willing to accept an equal share of even a crushing burden, but they lose heart when others appear exempt from sacrifice.

The second type of conflict springs from such ancient prejudices as those directed against a certain race or creed. The war has certainly intensified the Negro question and the Jewish problem. Both of these questions are too complex for offhand treatment, but it seems clear that when action based on them harms the war program, it is time for serious thinking. Yet skilled Negro workers are refused employment. They are likewise limited in the matter of military service. As a result, our enemies taunt us with the challenge that we restore freedom at home before imposing it abroad.

The reiterated complaints that Jews are evading military service and profiteering on the war do not add to national unity. If such an abuse is real and widespread, then it should be publicized and corrected. If, on the contrary, it is sporadic and exceptional, then it is unjust and unpatriotic to condemn the entire race for abuses not limited to its ranks. Gentiles also have been known to seek war work to escape military service. There have been charges (unfounded, one hopes) that favored individuals receive commissions and desk jobs while others go to the front.

These matters deserve careful and competent investigation. Thus inquiries by the present writer brought the statement from informed sources that the percentage of Jews in the army is proportionate to their place in the general population (four per cent). This estimate was tentative and unofficial, but it is more likely to be correct than offhand reports. Some of the stories bandied about in this connection have all the earmarks of foreign inspiration. Identical incidents, replete with detail, differing only in the alleged locale of the happening, are told throughout the nation. This appears to be more than rumormongering; it may well be the spreading of enemy propaganda.

These are some of the examples of the divisions among us. Each one taken separately might not be dangerous. In their totality, however,

they are a definite menace. Hence it seems that one of our most urgent tasks at present is the construction of a real national unity. This will not be easy, but it must be done.

A first step in achieving unity is the obtaining of a clear understanding on the objective sought. Here it is most important to distinguish between *unity* and *uniformity*. The former we may secure; attainment of the latter is neither possible nor desirable. Uniformity is achieved in totalitarian states, not in democracies. It involves the suppression rather than the reconciling of differences. Thus all too many of us embrace the ideal of unity, but then blame the obtuseness of the other party for producing division.

Capital is willing to have unity, but alleges that labor fails to see things the right way, that is, their way. Labor likewise is conscious of a commendable desire for keeping in step, but unfortunately it finds that capital and government are quite out of step. So with other

COMING SOON

DR. CRONIN, whose articles have been so well received by readers of *THE SIGN*, promises us further contributions as soon as his various war activities give him the time. A forthcoming issue will carry an article from his pen on war financing.

pressure groups; by unity they really mean absolute conformity of everyone else with their party line. This attitude is strengthened by class thinking, which in turn is reinforced by reading of partisan newspapers, attendance at class conventions and clubs, and the like. Members of groups become enclosed in vicious circles and gain further conviction through the repeating of one another's views. Thinking is replaced by slogans. Minds become hermetically sealed compartments. It is but a further step to wholesale and unjust condemnation of dissenting groups.

To break out of this vicious circle, it is vitally necessary to obtain a real meeting of minds. In this regard, personal contacts can work wonders. Industrialists who have been forced into collective bargaining have often found labor leaders to be gentlemen of the highest type. Labor leaders who considered certain employers to be heartless and ruthless have gained

real understanding of the problems that the latter face. Through a meeting of minds, both groups have been educated in democracy.

An even more elaborate example is found in the round tables conducted by *Fortune* magazine. Here experts of many varied viewpoints are figuratively locked into a conference room until they achieve substantial agreement. Usually such agreement is obtained. If such experiments could be expanded throughout the nation on a local, regional, and national basis, we would acquire the unity we need to survive. Direct meetings could be supplemented by reading of others' opinions and views. Business men should read labor papers. Labor leaders should read financial journals. Both groups would profit. Prejudice would then yield to understanding.

It would be mistaken to expect complete agreement from these contacts. Differences and disagreements would remain. There are real conflicts of interests between many groups. But once the bias and ill temper resulting from misunderstanding were removed these divergences could be resolved in a civilized manner. Compromise, give and take, and arbitration could replace bitter disputes and economic pressure. Certainly a prominent airplane manufacturer would have better labor relations in his plant were he to realize that not all labor leaders are revolutionists. Others would do well to understand that the problem of peacetime unemployment is real and not to be cured by cursing the New Deal. Many labor leaders need to learn that collective bargaining is not everything. The laws of economics are vitally important for labor as well as for capital. These things could be learned through sincere, open discussion. They will never be learned by partisan mudslinging.

Such are the requirements of national unity. They must be learned if we are to win the war and the peace which follows. Each of us must put them into practice at once. The alternative is the intensification of pressure groups seeking special advantages for themselves alone. The result of that? One needs but to glance at the history of Italy in 1922, Portugal in 1926, Germany in 1933, Spain in 1937, and France in 1940. This should simplify the problem of making a choice.

THE PASSIONISTS



The flag of "the rising sun," escorted by Japanese bayonet and saber, ascends the walls of a Chinese village

Press Association

The Church In Internment

By RONALD NORRIS, C.P.

SOME people have imagination. When a writer of the *National Geographic Magazine* entered Hong Kong Harbor for the first time, there burst upon his astonished gaze a spectacle unique among seaports of the world. The glittering city of Victoria, capital of Hong Kong, seemed oddly stood on edge. "It stretches out like a big city painted on a billboard

many miles long, and 1800 feet high. The artist, you can imagine, using a mile-long-pencil, first plotted his outline putting the palaces, the cathedral, the college, and barracks, and foreground water front just where he wanted them for best composition and unity of effect. Even the steep, hillside 'ladder streets' seem to run straight up and down, like fire es-

capades. To clinch the illusion there hang, as if on a vast wall, two of the famous Victoria Peak tramcars pulled by cables, crawling up the steep slopes like weights on some colossal clock." The Island of Hong Kong has tremendous physical beauty. Undulating hills roll across the ten-mile stretch of the isle. Auto roads twist serpentlike around its hills. Rugged

IN CHINA

peninsulas and picturesque bays and beaches outline the severe beauty of its rock-bound coast. No wonder Hong Kong is called "The Pearl of the Orient."

A glimpse at the picture that was Hong Kong before the fall: a British Crown Colony, it had its governor, colonial secretary, military and naval commanders. Hong Kong is a rock; it produces nothing to eat. Everything has to be brought in from the mainland on junks that trade about the bays. It barter in almost everything. Its crowded factories and shops make everything from rubber shoes to ivory elephants. All its raw materials come from elsewhere.

To Hong Kong, as a free port that distributes to inland China, thousands of ships come every year under flags of all the world's trading nations. The financial controls of the colony are dominated by the temple-like Hong Kong & Shanghai bank building into which millionaire Chinese have poured their money. Its social life is severely colonial, in a British way. Clubs, cricket, golf, horse racing, teas, and dinner parties all are under the cultural aegis of the high socialites who live on the Peak.

Into this British colony are crowded some two million people, practically all Chinese. The British, American, Portuguese, Eurasians, and Indians scarcely account for two per cent. Many of the higher class Chinese figure prominently in the social and financial life of the colony. Hong Kong boasted of 500 Chinese millionaires. Chinese girls in bobbed hair and split skirts could always be seen at the race track. Be that as it may, the overwhelming majority of the Chinese natives were poor, barely living on the edge of life. A million of them refugees, fleeing the bomb and bayonet of China's invaders. This human flotsam of the storm had been swept into Hong Kong for shelter. You could see thousands of them camped in sidetracked boxcars, in refugee barracks, or in the streets. Some 100,000 Chinese live in junks and sampans along the water front. Hong Kong is a paradox.

The fall of Hong Kong came as somewhat of a surprise. True, no one claimed it to be invulnerable. Yet with Singapore and Manila, it formed the third leg in a tripod of American

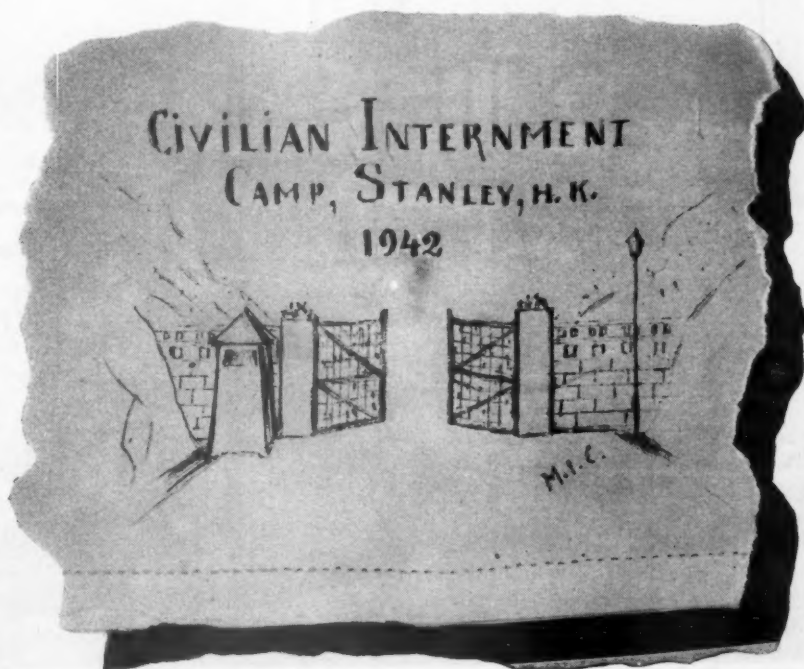
and British power in the Far East. Everything bespoke preparation: the elaborate network of defense with its miles of trenches and hundreds of miles of barbed wire, the net of mines and cables hung from floating barrels stretched across the harbor, the British men-of-war outside the island, the brand new tanks rumbling along the hillside, the incessant hum of warplanes above, all gave a feeling of security. From high up on the peaks, the evil snouts of grim guns seemed to snarl forth a challenging warning, "Keep out."

Then came war—and the fall. It brought about violent changes, tremendous dislocations, social upheaval, and untold suffering. The whole machinery of life and government stopped dead. The financial, economic, and social structure of the city collapsed. When the victorious army finally broke through and swarmed over the land, systematic looting began. Warehouses stocked with thousands of tons of rice, tinned food, and medical supplies were emptied. Department stores, shops, and private homes were looted. Then the warworn soldiers must have "liberty." For three days the Japanese soldiers were permitted "liberty" throughout one of the thickly popu-

lated Chinese sections of the island. Excess, cruelty, and suffering were inevitable.

When this disorder and chaos subsided, the "Great Nipponese Army of Occupation" had a herculean job at hand. Some sort of government had to be set up, the population fed and "protected." A high Japanese military official took over as Governor; he functioned through a number of Chinese puppets. One of the first orders of the new government was that all Chinese residents of the colony must register; must pledge loyalty to the new government—or else. Upon registration, they were given a food rationing card. Thus, with their hand on the food controls of the island, did the Japanese whip the Chinese population into line. The next Imperial Nipponese order was: All enemy nationals (American, British, Dutch) assemble at Murray Field, Hong Kong, for internment.

The whole question of internment follows the fact that the assets of enemy nationals were frozen. With no money in hand, food cannot be bought. (Just how much food remained in the colony after the wholesale looting by the Jap army, is a moot question.) Hence the invading



A Sister interned in Hong Kong made this drawing on a linen handkerchief

army has the obligation of feeding the conquered enemy nationals. Also there was the critical problem of protection. A number of foreigners were killed in their homes by drunken Japanese soldiers or Chinese looters. Thus legally, the whole machinery of internment was set up to feed and to "protect" enemy nationals. It goes without saying that the Japanese had other motives. Be that as it may, some 3,000 British and about 300 Americans gathered in Hong Kong and were marched off to internment. First we were interned in the city of Victoria in hotels, some palatial, most of them simply dives. After three weeks in these dives, we were transferred to the Civilian Internment Camp, Stanley, Hong Kong. There we Americans remained for six months until the happy day of repatriation.

Free or in bonds, the Catholic missionary must carry on. Christ, and St. Paul after Him, did glorious missionary work whilst in bonds. St. Paul of the Cross unleashed a powerhouse of zeal during the wars of his day. With such inspiring examples to quicken our zeal for souls, missionary work in bonds was easy. The Church in Internment: what a grand chapter this adds to the glories of the Church in Asia!

During the three-weeks siege of

Hong Kong, our Catholic priests showed up splendidly. Where there was work to be done, religious or otherwise, they were on the job. Priests from every section on earth, American, English, Irish, French, Belgian, Spanish, Italian, Indian, and Chinese, all rolled up their sleeves and outdid themselves in the common cause. The Italian Catholic Bishop of Hong Kong, Bishop Valtorta, was magnificent. One day I met him in the destruction that was once his cathedral, surrounded by hundreds of hungry Chinese refugees. "Praised be God!" he said. "I have lost everything. Most of my churches and schools are either destroyed or occupied by soldiers. The British put my priests in prison; now they have been released since the Japanese have taken over. I have 3,000 Chinese crowded into my church, school, and residence here. They are hungry. I have hundreds of British women and starving Chinese. We must teach the foreign community here that the Catholic Church is not national but supranational—like Christ, and His command, 'Feed the hungry.' The world is crazy, Father." Today, the British community that was Hong Kong has nothing but praise for this Christlike apostle of Mercy, Bishop Valtorta.

The superior of the Irish Jesuits

in Hong Kong was of tremendous help during those hectic days. Irish Free Stater, hence not an enemy national, he had entry to the Japanese Office of Control (one of the subalterns there was his former student), and a God-given opportunity to help the vanquished foreign community. He took full advantage of every chance to plead the cause of the hungry, the sick, and the wounded. Now he would be over with the captured British troops, hearing confessions, encouraging, and consoling. Next, he would be pleading with some Japanese officer to get medical assistance to some sick or wounded British or American captive. In the night, he would be still going, trying to get a truck to bring food out to some section of the city where thousands of Chinese or Portuguese had not eaten for days. God bless him! A true companion of Jesus—this Irish Jesuit!

One Christian Brother was killed. Or was he wounded? I forget. Anyway, he was a hero. He took on the extremely dangerous job of trucking food up to the British colony that lived on the Peak. This was during the siege; roads were being bombed and shelled. Only a brave man would volunteer for that sort of work. Three days before the surrender of Hong Kong, he had run the gauntlet with



Chinese reconstruction crews are merry workers. Its sense of humor is an unfailing resource of this patient nation

Three Lions

a prize supply of bully beef for the Peakites. On his way back, a Japanese Zero plane nose-dived on his truck. About the truck, I know. It no longer exists. Perhaps that Christian Brother is still alive.

But about a certain Irish-Canadian priest, I have no doubts. He was (still is) an epic of courage and zeal. He also was a "truck driver." During the siege he worked for the British Red Cross. He was in charge of some 5,000 Chinese refugees in the Camp away out at the end of the Island. Day after day, he would truck rice from the warehouse to the refugee camp—dangerous business, indeed. Through black-out and blow out he nose-dived that truck down across the hills into the city. Filled up with gas, and two tons of rice, he would head it back to the camp, through the gauntlet of machine-gun fire, artillery barrage, and road-strafting from the air. He always brought home the bacon. When he pulled into the camp, the Chinese would all jump up and run toward him shouting, "The Sen Fu (Spiritual Father) is back again! Those Japs can't stop him!"

This remarkable priest is still going. He is interned with the British community in Hong Kong. Among them he stands as a rock of morale, the most popular and most respected of them all. The day before I left Hong Kong to return to America, he came to see me. He took off his pair of shoes and gave them to me. "Put on those shoes," he ordered, "and no arguments. You'll not go to the States without shoes." "What will you do for shoes," I asked. "I'll make out," he countered. And make out he will. When the British community in internment finds out that he has no shoes, they'll find a way, somehow, to get shoes for their beloved Father. His name is not important. He is proud to be known as a priest of the Scarboro Bluff Missions, the Foreign Missionary Society of Canada.

The Superior of the Maryknoll Fathers in Hong Kong was all zeal, one of the most self-sacrificing priests I have ever met. During the siege he got permission to go to the Fort to hear confessions of the English and Canadian soldiers there. Then he would be off to the military hospital to confess, anoint, and console the wounded soldiers. This, day in and day out; I don't know when he ever



The Vicar of Christ sent funds to buy food for the American and British civilians who were interned in Hong Kong

slept. Through black-out and barrage, he would be on the road and in the hills hearing the confessions of Canadian soldiers. Once on the road he was hearing the confession of a British soldier, when suddenly a Japanese plane fell out of the sky and strafed the road with machine-gun fire. The confession was finished underneath a nearby truck. The Maryknoll house, of which he was Superior, was always a haven for the wounded British, Canadian, and Chinese. He led the other priests there in caring for the wounded, and consoling them.

Early Christmas morning, a few hours before the Japanese soldiers captured the house (and took us 31 priests and brothers prisoners), a young Christian soldier was leaving the house to deliver a message to a machine-gun nest down beyond the gulch. As he was passing, one of the priests greeted him with a "Merry Christmas."

"How can this Christmas be merry," complained the soldier. "I have a wife and child back in Canada. I'll get killed." "Courage! man, courage!" answered the priest; and with that he threw the soldier a package of cigarettes. The soldier made his cautious way down the hill and as he crossed the gulch, he saw two Japanese soldiers lying wounded

on the ground. He made a lunge toward them with his bayonet, but was stopped in his tracks by the thought: Today is Christmas, and that good priest gave me those butts as a Christmas present. He dropped the bayonet, knelt down and bound the wounds of the Japanese soldiers. And having been without sleep for four days, he fell down exhausted beside them and slept.

Ten minutes later, a Japanese patrol rounded the gulch. Seeing the Canadian soldier, they lunged toward him with their bayonets. The two wounded Japanese soldiers cried out, "Don't touch him!" And they told the other soldiers what he had done for them. The Japanese officer in charge took that Canadian soldier to Hong Kong, and feted him there for a week. He is now interned together with the other British and Canadian soldiers at Samshipo, Hong Kong. Who the soldier in question was, I do not know. But the Superior of the Maryknoll Fathers would evoke such noble qualities in anyone.

I don't suppose Bishop O'Gara was ever in prison before. But hardship and suffering were not new to him. He has led our Passionist Missionaries in China through wars and revolutions, floods and bombings. As Ecclesiastical Superior of the Internment Camp, he was well equipped to lead the Catholic community through the ordeal of internment. Christmas day last, it was he who pronounced absolution and whispered words of encouragement to thirty-one priests and brothers who were lined up waiting for death on the execution field in Hong Kong. He it was who gave that memorable "sermon in the garage" to the same group. They had been given no food. They could not lie down; their hands were tied behind their backs. It was a cold night. The Bishop spoke. He spoke of Christ, His Passion and Death. How He suffered in captivity and died. "The servant is not above the Master." It was an inspiring sermon! None of the priests who heard it will ever forget it. Whilst interned in a dive of a hotel in Hong Kong, it was he who took the lead in organizing sanitation squads to make that place of unspeakable filth somewhat livable. When disease broke out, he took over. As no doctor was available, one of the priests nursed the sick day and night. A

typhoid case recovered. He is now a fighting Catholic.

In the Stanley Internment Camp, Bishop O'Gara rose to the occasion magnificently. He organized the priests, Sisters, brothers, and laity into a powerhouse of Catholic action. (We had about 300 Catholics among the British; and, outside the priests and Sisters, only a handful of Catholics among the Americans.) Holy Mass was celebrated every day in each section of the Camp; three public Masses every Sunday morning, with three sermons on the Sacraments; Sunday afternoon, a sermon on Christ preached by the Bishop, rosary, and Benediction—everything but a collection; every day, catechetical instructions and convert classes. Masses were packed; instruction classes crowded—converts many. Of course, the circumstances were exceptional and favorable.

Here was the British community of élite Hong Kong in internment, nearly 3,000 of them. They had lost everything, their homes and fortunes; many of them had lost husbands and sons during the fighting. Erstwhile social standing and yesterday's riches meant nothing. All were half-starved; many were sick. War and internment had brought about a tremendous social revolution; the leveling process had set in. All were just a number now, a prisoner of the Japanese. In such a sorry plight, is it to be wondered at that they turned to God and religion for help and hope? It was a golden opportunity. We priests took full advantage of it. The results, to say the least, were more than gratifying.

The Sisters were grand. Twenty-three Maryknoll Sisters and nine Canadian Sisters of the Immaculate Conception: angels all, but demons for work. They were resourceful. They held school for the children, taught catechism to the women nursed the sick, edified all. The Maryknoll Sisters put on a First Communion Breakfast for a large class of children. It was beautiful. The whole Camp had but rice and vegetable for breakfast. The good Sisters, magicians all, produced from their bag of reserves, one egg, a cup of cocoa, and a piece of candy for each of the First Communion children. Where they got the beautiful white dresses for the girls is just another one of those unsolved mysteries.

But the little French Sisters from Montreal were not to be outdone. Confirmation had to be conferred. The Bishop had no miter nor crosier. But the Sisters had a piece of cardboard, a bamboo stick, and one genius. This remarkable Sister cut that cardboard to miter-shape, and with fine touches and consummate artistry, painted an episcopal miter that was a thing of beauty. Some of the women of the Camp who had saved jewels gave them to the Bishop to enrich the miter. The bamboo stick was likewise metamorphosed into a glittering crosier.

It was after the attack on Pearl Harbor. The Japanese juggernaut had rumbled roughshod through Asia. Holy Week last, Bishop Cushing of Boston sat in his office of the Propagation of the Faith. Belated reports were pouring in: "Priests and Sisters interned in Japan and Korea;" "Mis-

"All these missionaries have throughout kept their banners flying, and their spirits vibrant in the midst of the charred ruins of their missions. The memory of their colleagues killed and wounded by Japanese bombs and machine guns must serve as an ever-present reminder of the threat of death hanging over them. In all that they are doing they have shown the quality of mercy which blesteth him that gives and him that takes. In deed and in spirit, their all-embracing charity is like manna dropped in the way of starved people."

MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK in
China Through Catholic Eyes

sionaries taken prisoners in Hong Kong, Philippine Islands, and Singapore." His heart was heavy and sad. His great love, the foreign missions, was suffering. Speaking before a Passionist Chinese Mission Rally at a later date, Bishop Cushing gave voice to the mission thoughts that saddened his great soul. He spoke on "The Passiontide of the Missions." During Holy Week of this past year Bishop O'Gara, C.P., himself a prisoner of war in the Internment Camp in Hong Kong, spoke to the American and British internees there on "The Passiontide of Christ, His Sufferings and Death." On that Good Friday we felt in some sacred way, intimately united with Christ in His Sufferings. One could picture, almost

feel, the Christ of Calvary's Heights sorrowing as He looked down upon His missionary priests and Sisters. He saw the Passiontide of his missionaries.

Holy Week in Hong Kong Internment Camp was most sacred. We followed Christ Suffering in ceremony from Holy Thursday through Good Friday and Holy Saturday, sacred days. The Passion ceremonies were beautiful, moving.

After the Passion must come the Resurrection. The Passiontide of the missions will be followed by the joys of the Eastertide. True, there have been dislocations. Some of the missionaries, and a small percentage at that, have been forced to leave their mission fields. But the Church is Catholic: other priests, not enemy nationals, will take their places. Furthermore, remember that in large mission fields, such as Free China, our American missionaries are still carrying on unhampered. And the native clergy in the various mission fields of the world are laboring among their own with credit. The American missionaries who because of war are unable to return to their beloved missions are but awaiting the day at war's end when they can go back to their real homes in fields afar. They have a rendezvous on the morrow with the Eastertide of the missions.

At one time during internment, the going was a bit tough. The food situation was critical. Undernourishment was general; beriberi rife. Most of the men had lost more than fifty pounds. Clothes were wearing threadbare. Wooden clogs were used for shoes. Shorts, some made out of rice and flour bags, were in curious evidence. Deaths were mounting. Word of our sad plight got out. Newspapers in every continent fumed. There were accusations and threats of reprisals. Red Cross—international, national and otherwise—spoke of helping. Nothing was done. There was one man, however, who heard all. He said nothing but did something. He sent to Hong Kong, through devious channels, thirty or forty thousand dollars. It was earmarked: "To buy food for the British and American Community in the Civilian Internment Camp in Hong Kong." That man was the Pope, the Vicar on earth of Christ Jesus who fed the hungry with loaves and fishes.

Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL
ON MATTERS OF GREAT
OR LITTLE MOMENT

The Reward of Treason

► THE FOLLOWING amusing item is taken from the column "From the Managing Editor's Desk" in the "Tablet" of Brooklyn:

Recent imprisonments in North Ireland recall historical events.

During the Young Ireland disorders of 1846, nine young men were captured, tried, and convicted of treason against the Queen. The sentence was death.

The presiding judge read the names of the condemned: "John Mitchell, Morris Lyene, Patrick Donahue, Thomas McGee, Charles Duffy, Thomas Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, Terence McManus, Michael Ireland. Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence?"

Thomas Meagher had been chosen to speak for them all:

"My lord, this is our first offense, but not our last. If you will be easy with us this once, we promise on our word as gentlemen to try to do better next time. And next time, sure we won't be fools enough to get caught."

The indignant judge sentenced them to be hanged. But a passionate protest from all over the world forced Queen Victoria to commute the sentence. The men were transported for life to the penal colonies of the then savage Australia.

In 1874, a Sir Charles Duffy was elected prime minister of Australia. The amazed Queen Victoria learned that this was the same Charles Duffy who had been transported for high treason 26 years before. She demanded the records of the other men who had been transported, and this is what she learned:

Meagher was Governor of Montana. McManus and Donahue were Brigadier Generals in the U. S. Army. O'Gorman was the Governor-General of Newfoundland. Morris Lyene had been Attorney General of Australia, to which office Michael Ireland succeeded him. McGee was president of the Council for the Dominion of Canada. Mitchell was a prominent New York politician, and his son became Mayor of New York.

Practical Inventions

► THE INVENTIVE GENIUS of the practical-minded Chinese is praised by Most Rev. Francis X. Ford in the "Field Afar," published by the Maryknoll Fathers:

Many an Occidental has so muddled a mental picture that China means to him either a baffling Confucius or a still more mysterious Fu Manchu. The Chinese are not galley slaves chained to a pulley; they are in-

ventive, even though their inventions are not streamlined. To them, inventions are not contraptions to be sold, but practical household requisites. They make worn-out materials perform tasks hitherto unthought-of. What Westerner, as he pulls out of a skid, would ever consider consigning his threadless tire to a cobbler to be remade into innumerable rubber soles and heels—the inevitable fate of tires in China? What Westerner would take the despised tin cans and deftly fashion them into serviceable lamps or kitchenware? What foreigner would make a taxi of a bicycle, and pedal passengers a dozen leagues a day? Or use charcoal to run his automobile at one-fifth the price of gas?

Inventions? Of course they are! The inventions of local craftsmen who use their own hands and brains for their own needs. A thing doesn't have to be copyrighted and patented with its individuality stamped out of it, to be called an invention. An invention is a new use for an old thing, and the simplest farmer in China is inventing half his lifetime.

Selling the Soldiers

► THE MAINTENANCE of canteens has put the United States into the chain-store business on a grand scale. The "American Legion Magazine" gives us some idea of the enterprise as told by Clarence Woodbury:

The Army is accustomed to doing things in a big way. Right now, while wading into its main task of crushing Hitlerism, it is also performing various side jobs of a magnitude to stagger the imagination. One of these jobs, tossed off quite incidentally, is the creation of the largest chain of co-operative stores the world has ever seen.

In order that every American soldier everywhere may buy what he wants without profit to anyone but himself, the Army has been expanding its canteen system quietly but enormously during the past two years. As a result it has established a merchandising organization which would make a merchant prince feel like a pauper. Today more than 3,120 Post Exchanges and branches are in operation and this vast chain store is doing business at the rate of a billion dollars a year.

Perhaps you have visited one of these modern canteens or P.X.'s, as most soldiers call them. I was in a big one recently at Fort Knox, Kentucky, on a payday afternoon. Remembering some of the makeshift, packing-box canteens of the World War, the scene made me suck my breath a bit—magnificent vistas of polished floors, gleaming glass counters, smiling clerks, and miles of shelves laden with everything the fighting man (or woman) could desire from tobacco to lingerie.

The place was jammed. At one counter a passel of officers ranging from shavetail to colonel were buying pigskin luggage. At another, enlisted men were snapping up insignia for their collars and costume jewelry for their sweeties. Army nurses were mobbing the cosmetic counter. At the soda fountain, beer bar, and lunch counter, the boys were lined up three deep. Folding money was flying around like leaves in a gale and the cash registers were ringing like chimes on Christmas Eve.

Big business was afoot all right—Fort Knox P.X. is taking in \$675,000 a month as this is written—but that exchange is only one of the thousands large and small scattered from Keokuk to Cairo and from Siwash to Sydney.

Victory March

► THE ORIGIN of Notre Dame University's famous "Victory March" is described in the "Liguorian":

The celebrated "Victory March" of Notre Dame University had its initial public presentation in the Second Congregational Church of Holyoke, Mass., according to the story told by Joe Doyle, city editor of the *Transcript-Telegram* of Holyoke. The musical score for the march was composed by Father Michael Shea, former organist at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York; the words were written by his brother, John Shea. Both were graduates of Notre Dame. One day, while vacationing in Holyoke, Father Shea met William Hammond, one of his former music teachers, and told him about the song he and his brother had written. Professor Hammond asked to hear it, and invited Father Shea to play it for him at the Second Congregational Church that same afternoon. When the time came, and Father Shea sat down to play the stirring march for the first time in public, a group of men walked into the church and halted in surprise. They were church deacons who were attending a meeting nearby, and it caused them no little shock to see a man wearing a Roman collar vigorously thumping away on the keys of the organ. The only remark made when Father Shea finished his recital was by one of the deacons. "Brother," he said, "You've got something there." The history of the Victory March has justified his judgment.

Sulfur

► IN HIS informative little book, "Strategic Materials and National Strength," Professor Harry N. Holmes gives us a striking example of the results of persistent scientific research:

It concerns Louisiana-Texas sulfur and the work of the engineer, Frasch. He reasoned in the nineties that the great beds of sulfur eight hundred feet below the surface of that southern area could be tapped by melting the sulfur with superheated water and air forced down pipes. Apparently it would be easy to pump up the liquid sulfur, free from dirt, but it wasn't that simple. Ten years of discouraging work passed before success was achieved. Now we can pump up 3,000,000 tons yearly of a substance fundamental to chemical industry.

To humiliate poor Frasch a famous engineer prema-

turely offered to eat all the sulfur that Frasch raised to the surface. At this moment a rubber expert is offering to eat all the synthetic rubber above 200,000 tons produced during the present year, 1942. He may win, but we hope he suffers from indigestion.

Fly Swatting

► THE CORRECT technique to be used in this summer occupation is given by an English scientific magazine and quoted by "The New York Times":

Did you know that the fly always starts in reverse? High-speed photographs have shown that he does. This is useful to know when setting out to swat the pest. It makes successful swatting much more than the usual fifty-to-one chance.

All you need remember is that the fly will proceed to a point behind his starting point before he begins to go forward.

Why does he do this? Well, according to the English monthly, *Science News*, the muscles and joints in the insect's legs are capable of lifting only in a backward direction.

Applied science is going to be bad for the fly.

Life-Saving Transfusions

► BLOOD TRANSFUSION by remote control is an everyday occurrence in the present war. From an article by John Pfeiffer in "Harper's":

When Hitler started his invasion of Russia in 1941, Nazi casualties on the Eastern Front were unexpectedly high. Doctors at base hospitals needed thousands of pints of blood for emergency transfusions and appealed for immediate supplies. The call reached German officials in conquered Poland, who ordered all persons between the ages of fifteen and sixty to donate their blood (Aryan or non-Aryan) for wounded Nazis. Polish blood was obtained, but only after police had quelled serious riots which broke out throughout the country.

Only a few months later another blood-gathering campaign moved into action under American auspices in Hawaii, after the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Blood stores had been exhausted in treating American casualties on December 7, and new and larger reserves were urgently needed, not only to bring wounded men back to health, but also for use in case of future raids. Within fifteen days three thousand five hundred Hawaiians, soldiers, and sailors had voluntarily donated as many pints of blood, and many more have followed suit since then. Local police have agreed to give traffic offenders a choice: pay a fine in cash or else give a pint of blood to the Red Cross. This measure has added extra pints of the vital fluid to important reserves.

These two examples from Poland and Hawaii serve to emphasize that, wherever the battlefield, blood is as necessary for the fighting man as gasoline and oil are for tanks and airplanes. Twentieth-century research has brought the civilian close to the battlefield in more ways than one. His blood, processed into a dehydrated form, can now be sent to aid armed forces throughout the world. The life-saving "powder" is dried plasma, whole blood minus most of its water and its red and white corpuscles.

Cabbage Rich in Vitamins

► THE LOW-PRICED cabbage, rich in body-building vitamins and minerals, easy to grow, and of good taste, is but another of bountiful nature's gifts, the quality of which is made known to mankind by science and research. The "Progress Digest" lists its food values:

Price does not always indicate the true value of a product. For instance, twenty-cent bomb sights were used with remarkable success in the bombing of Tokyo. In the food field, cabbage is one of the lowest priced vegetables on the market, and yet it is without doubt one of the most valuable of human foods. The food values of a ten-cent head of cabbage are almost without equal in minerals, carbohydrates, proteins, acids, sugars, and body-building vitamins. Cabbage has a high food rating, both from the standpoint of economy and nutrition. First it should be recalled that cabbage can be a profitable crop for the farmer, yielding as high as 27,000 pounds per acre. Secondly it is rich in vitamins A and C, with an appreciative amount of vitamin B₁. It is richer in vitamin A than are string beans, cauliflower, asparagus, and some of the fancier vegetables such as Brussels sprouts, and it is about equal in value to spinach. It is far more potent than tomatoes.

It carries vitamin B₁ (thiamine) and vitamin C. In this respect it is better than apples, asparagus, bananas, green beans, carrots, grapefruit, lettuce, peas, potatoes, or tomatoes, and in the same general class as lemons but not equal to oranges.

Among mineral elements in cabbage which are of importance—besides calcium—may be mentioned: sulfur, iron, and potassium. The health-building virtues of cabbage and kraut are worthy of emphasis, for kraut can purify and regulate the intestinal flora as well as furnish valuable mineral salts. Calcium in cabbage, for example, is as potent and assimilable as it is from skim-milk powder. It has been suggested that cabbage contains a substance called "vegulin," which in extract form has an effect similar to that of insulin.

Episcopal Oddities

► SOME UNUSUAL CUSTOMS relating to bishops are recorded by Douglas Woodruff in his column in the "Tablet" of London:

The opposite of equality is hierarchy, gradation; and nowhere has the divine economy of difference in glory been more steadily made to shine forth than in the history of the episcopate. Not only the sizes of dioceses, but other things which bear much more directly on human happiness show the most astonishing variety. The head of the Copt Church, they tell me, has great honor, but he earns it, because he has to have a deacon by his bed every night, to wake him up every twenty minutes and bid him pray for the sinful world. His voice was ever soft and low, an excellent thing in deacons. While there is, they also say who know the wider world, a Bishop in Albania who is allowed to fast by proxy; he eats, to keep his strength up for his many duties, and he eats with none the less relish because there is a melancholy fasting priest, his proxy, sitting plateless and disconsolate at the other side of the table.

Uncle Sam's Shopping List

► THE "AMERICAN MAGAZINE" gives its readers an itemized account of the various expenditures necessary when our government purchases war equipment:

When Uncle Sam goes shopping, here are some of the items that stand at the head of his list:

35,000-ton battleship.....	\$70,000,000.00
10,000-ton cruiser.....	20,000,000.00
1,800-ton destroyer.....	3,600,000.00
1,500-ton submarine.....	3,000,000.00
1,200-ton sub chaser.....	2,400,000.00
16-ton coast gun.....	2,000,000.00
Navy patrol bomber.....	735,000.00
Army heavy bombardment plane.....	350,000.00
Navy transport plane.....	250,000.00
Mosquito boat.....	250,000.00
4-engine bomber.....	250,000.00
Army medium bombardment plane.....	200,000.00
Navy fighter plane.....	165,000.00
2-engine bomber.....	150,000.00
Navy scout bombing plane.....	143,000.00
Army pursuit plane.....	137,000.00
60-ton tank.....	120,000.00
Medium tank.....	56,000.00
155-mm. gun.....	50,000.00
13-ton light tank.....	25,000.00
Pontoon bridge.....	15,000.00
Barrage balloon.....	10,000.00
Sound locator.....	5,000.00
Scout car.....	5,000.00
Aerial camera.....	3,400.00
2½-ton truck.....	2,000.00
Reconnaissance car.....	1,000.00
60-mm. mortar.....	500.00
Motor trailer.....	500.00
Pilot's flying clothes and equipment.....	260.00
Depth bomb.....	187.50
Pistol, .45 automatic.....	65.00
Tent.....	10.00
Gas mask.....	9.25

Statisticians' Paradise

► STATISTICIANS OF TODAY'S busy world are finding plenty of facts and figures to report, according to L.H.R., in the "New York Times Magazine":

The world nowadays is a paradise for the statisticians, whatever it may be for the rest of us. Every day they go to town with astounding figures. The Army will consume 143,000,000 pounds of coffee this year. The football squad of the Chicago Bears weighs six and one-half tons. The people of the United States can save \$62,000,000,000 in war costs in the next twenty months if they won't insist upon learning about inflation the hard way. It takes 40,000 tons of coal, dug by 6,700 miners, to produce the power needed to make a 35,000-ton battleship. At least 80,000,000 working days a year can be salvaged if workers keep fit; and that means 14,000 more bombers, 10 dreadnaughts and 35,000 tanks . . . Halcyon times are these for the facts-and-figures boys.



Linda Watkins, Herbert Evers, and Gwen Anderson add to the fun in the new comedy "Janie"

The Danger in "Escapism"

Among the many effects total war has on national and individual life, none is more apparent at the moment than the general trend toward the lighter forms of entertainment and literature. This effort to escape, even momentarily, the harsh facts of present-day existence is understandable, but as an antidote, "escapism" is fraught with considerable danger.

The shadows of the future and the responsibilities of tomorrow do not form a very enticing pattern, but cannot be dispelled or shunted aside by an overdose of fun and frolic. Such a national mood invites a major disaster and is usually accompanied by a general lowering of moral standards to which we have long clung, however precariously. At this stage of the game there is a definite need for wholesome fun, good cheer, and music; without them our battle will be doubly difficult. But it is also the time to double the guard and keep constant watch against those who would utilize this desire for relaxation as a wedge for the presentation of questionable material.

This is a moment for courage; it is also the time for a recapitulation of spiritual and moral values, a national examination of conscience. In our mad rush to squeeze the last drop of enjoyment out of life, to revel in "escapism," we have failed to pause long enough to get our true bearings. Music and laughter and fun are a great help, but wars are not won nor national character developed on froth alone.

The principal form of escape America needs today is flight from the shoddy, degrading amorality which has too often permeated the industries we support in the name of "entertainment."

Gay Adolescence

JANIE is the first hit play of the fledgling season. A worthy competitor for that other adolescent romp,

Stage



Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara bring to life one of Sabatini's swashbuckling stories in "The Black Swan"

Junior Miss, it has been produced with skill and a gay, impudent touch that will appeal to the entire family.

If occasionally the coincidences of the rather loosely written story tax adult credulity, such defect is immediately forgotten in the complete enjoyment of the well-sapoloed humor and the boisterously exuberant performance of the young members of the cast.

Janie, sixteen and pretty, and two giggly high school companions plan a party for a few young soldiers at a nearby camp. Held without the knowledge of her parents, it soon develops into something resembling a political clambake with the Army in complete control by the time the unsuspecting parents return home. Life becomes rather complicated at this point for Janie, but trust a playwright to untangle even the most tangled plot skein. Herschel Williams does it to the accompaniment of heart-warming, and often hilarious, comedy.

Outstanding member of the cast is a saucy, precocious six-year-old, Clare Foley, as Janie's young

e and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

sister. Even when the action places her on the sidelines, she is the focus of all eyes, so obviously and thoroughly does she enjoy this business of playacting. Without half trying she is the hit of the show. Gwen Anderson in the title role is believable and appealing. Herbert Evers as the soldier and Frank Amy, the teen-age "civilian," who compete for her attentions are excellent, and adults Linda Watkins, Nancy Cushman, and Howard St. John play their subordinate roles with ease.

Janie is a play the family will appreciate and enjoy. It is recommended without reservation.

Eloquence and Cliché

Emlyn Williams, author of the highly successful *The Corn Is Green*, proffers a disappointing combination of brief flashes of eloquence surrounded and smothered by wheezy theatrical clichés as his tribute to the blitzed Britons.

Taking his title, *THE MORNING STAR*, from the heavenly light which preceded the all-clear and served as a symbol of hope and cheer for the unfortunate Londoners, the author has failed to lift his writing or characterization to a point even remotely near his inspiration. He has succeeded only in setting up a papier-mâché charade with cardboard characters acting out a rather trite story against a background that calls for depth and feeling and sincerity of action.

The fortitude of the British under fire is there as are portions of their own brand of humor, but only occasionally does Williams get beneath surface emotions. When he does, the writing is persuasive and eloquent, relating the story of how the blitz bombings affect the aristocratic Parrilow family which had been in the process of dissolution.

Gladys Cooper has some brilliant moments as the mother, and Cecil Humphreys and Rhys Williams are also outstanding. Jill Esmond, Wendy Barrie and Brenda Forbes also merit mention. Interesting though *The Morning Star* is on occasion, the goings-on outside the Parrilow window and the reputation of Emlyn Williams both demand a more impressive job of playwrighting. Suitable for adults, it will satisfy only the indiscriminating.

Abundance and Variety

Whatever quality was lacking in the offerings of the first month of the theatrical season was made up for in quantity and patronage. The pleasant jingle-jangle at the box office emboldened the producers—unfortunately to the extent that they have unveiled productions of tepid merit. It is to be hoped that as the season

advances, this renewed public interest in the legitimate drama will have a more salutary effect than has yet been noted.

The distaff side of the war effort is the subject of a timely, and spasmodically humorous, farce, *VICKIE*, in which lady volunteers practice first-aid on despairing husbands. The members of the AWCS salute each other snappily, look smartly efficient in sky-blue uniforms, mistake a WPB official for a Nazi spy, argue about canteen sandwiches, act as week-end guardians for soldiers on furlough, and otherwise prance around in true stage-farce fashion. The ingredients are all there, but the result somehow misses fire. The principal trouble is that the fun moves at a pace compatible with the speed limitation laws, a fatal mistake for farce comedy. Jose Ferrer and Uta Hagen strive valiantly, but neither their efforts nor those of Taylor Holmes and Margaret Matzenauer succeed in making the fun spontaneous.

Most successful of the many attempts made to revive interest in vaudeville is *SHOW TIME* with George Jessel, Jack Haley, Ella Logan, the DeMarcos, and a group of first-rate supporting acts. Moving at a moderately fast clip with a maximum of entertainment value, it appears to have a successful future. For a good ninety-nine per cent of its length, the fun is wholesome and clean, until Mr. Jessel brings forth his refugee



Above: Bette Davis and Paul Henreid provide superior entertainment for adult movie audiences in "Now Voyager"

Below: "You Were Never Lovelier," a romance of South America, stars Adolphe Menjou, Rita Hayworth, and Fred Astaire



professor skit from last season's revue, *The High Kickers*. Certainly not in the best of taste, it detracted considerably from what could otherwise be classed as top-notch adult fare.

The burlesque cadaver is being picked clean by the play producers with unvarying results. To be more accurate we might say that although New York's officials have seen fit to deny license renewals to burlesque performances, they have no objection to the presentation of lewdity and nudity at higher admission prices. In a sham cloak of respectability burlesque is riding high, wide, and financially successful in many legitimate theaters. Harry Richman, Carol Bruce, and Bert Wheeler are appearing in one smut-smeared version called *Priorities of 1943*; another called *Wine, Women and Song* features Jimmy Savo and an assorted group of Minsky characters, while a third, *Strip for Action*, introduces a burlesque performance as a show-within-a-show. The inconsistency of a city administration that frowns on such performances by one group, yet sanctions another, is a splendid example of political contortionism.

Sabatini Adventuring

Once again the screen utilizes the swashbuckling yarn folio of Rafael Sabatini with colorful result. *THE BLACK SWAN* is cut from the same cloth as the majority of this author's other famous stories and as such is particularly suited to the wide scope of the camera.

Tyrone Power, in one of his last screen appearances before entering military service, is starred as the adventurous Jamie Waring, aide to the infamous Henry Morgan. When the blustering pirate, who had sacked towns and vessels in the Caribbean area for years, was pardoned and appointed the English Governor of Jamaica, Waring also renounced his profession of buccaneer and joined the forces of order.

The film has been produced with the expected Hollywood flourish and flair for the spectacular. Much of the background footage was shot in the Caribbean near Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Jamaica, revealing some especially adept camera-work. The action called for in the continuity is well-paced and directed intelligently by Henry King.

Power matches his previous performances with a sincere, effective characterization, and Maureen O'Hara, one of the screen's most charming actresses, is well cast as the daughter of the deposed Governor. Laird Cregar, Thomas Mitchell, and George Sanders top the members of the supporting cast in this swaggering pageant of a piratical band whose forays appear niggardly in the light of some of their twentieth century counterparts.

The Black Swan is good entertainment for those who prefer their drama in the roistering vein and romance liberally spiced with melodramatic heroics. Twentieth Century-Fox)

Reviews in Brief

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER is a musical comedy set against a South American background, but any increase in Inter-American solidarity resulting will be purely accidental. Not that the picture offends Latin-

American sensibilities, but it never presumes to be more than a tuneful musical romance, dependent only slightly on locale for motivation. Fred Astaire provides several of his whirlwind specialties with some first-rate assistance from Rita Hayworth. Adolphe Menjou, Xavier Cugat and his Orchestra, and the music of Jerome Kern aid greatly in making this material above-average. (Columbia)

The thousands of movie-goers who have suffered with Bette Davis through various stages of paranoia, phrenitis, and monomania will be pleased to learn that she finally receives a measure of psychiatric relief in *NOW VOYAGER*. For a time it began to appear that Miss Davis was doomed to a celluloid existence as a borderline case. Fortunately, this latest in the series of cinema case histories is superior adult fare, with Miss Davis contributing a more restrained, balanced portrayal than has been her wont in recent releases. She receives excellent co-operation from Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, Gladys Cooper, Bonita Granville, and John Loder. (Warner Bros.)

The unsurpassed courage and skill of the American Volunteer Group fliers in Burma and China is extolled in *FLYING TIGERS*, a formulized tale that manages to pack a maximum of timely material in its unreeling. Though many of the dramatic situations are patently artificial, the actual flying scenes and fighting maneuvers more than compensate for any scenario shortcomings. John Wayne, John Carroll, Anna Lee, and Paul Kelly are the principal players, but all the accolades must be reserved for the adventurers whose valor provided the inspiration for the film. (Republic)

A novel twist is given to murder mystery solution in a sharply drawn, expertly developed crime story, *EYES IN THE NIGHT*. A blind detective, guided by a Seeing-Eye dog, is instrumental in trapping a band of criminals. There may not be any new plots in the studio story files, but the ingenuity exhibited here proves that refurbishing the old ones is one way to overcome the paucity of suitable material.

Edward Arnold handles a difficult role with his usual finesse and Ann Harding makes an impressive screen return in this thriller designed for mystery fans of all ages. (MGM)

Although *SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES* will never win any Academy Award for merit, there are enough spontaneous laughs and entertaining musical sequences to classify it as acceptable amusement. Without any undue emotional effort, John Payne, Betty Grable, Charlotte Greenwood, Edward Everett Horton, and Carmen Miranda assume the burden of the featured roles. In the adult vein, this comedy-with-music will also prove satisfactory for the juvenile trade. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

James Hilton's best seller, *RANDOM HARVEST*, gains added stature through sympathetic and original screen treatment. All concerned in the production of this story of a mental twist rate applause for a sensitive, understanding adaptation. Adult in its implications, Hilton's novel is built around the strange case of an amnesia victim who can recall both halves of his divided life. The domestic side of his problem is accentuated, and in the capable hands of Ronald Colman and Greer Garson, the film ranks with the best of the recent output designed for mature audiences. (MGM)



A Psychological Link

By Enid Dinnis.

MR. MICHAEL," I said meditative. "I believe you could get something mystical out of a shoelace or a bonnet string."

A slow, completely acquiescing smile spread itself over the countenance of my old friend.

"Talking of bonnet strings," he said, "I'm just reading a book by Father ——" (he named a well-known theologian) "on the resurrection of the body, and it has reminded me of the story of old Mrs. Myrtle's bonnet. Did I ever tell it you?"

I assured him that I had never heard the story.

"It's a deep subject—the resurrection of the body," Mr. Michael observed. "Identity is a mighty mysterious thing. We shall all be changed, and yet it will be the same body. It won't be a new body, or another body, any more than His blessed Body is in the Tabernacle."

The "light that never was" glinted in Mr. Michael's eye. I waited. It

seemed a far cry back to Granny Myrtle and her bonnet. "It lived in a bandbox on her chest of drawers," Mr. Michael said, "for old Mrs. Myrtle was bedridden—arthritis and Anno Domini had contrived that—and she had no use for the bonnet, but she liked to have it out every now and again and have a look at it. She had worn it for the first time at her son Tom's wedding forty years before, and it had remained her best. Of course it had been fixed up from time to time. A new pair of black satin strings, or perhaps a new flower or feather.

"But it was always Mrs. Myrtle's best bonnet. When she got the old-age pension the first thing she did was to buy new strings for her bonnet, although she was already bedridden and couldn't possibly wear the thing. Every now and then she would have it taken out of the bandbox so that she might make sure that it was all right.

"When Daisy, Mrs. Myrtle's granddaughter, took to going out with Martin he was taken up to see Granny and she made Daisy show him the bonnet that she had worn at her son Tom's wedding. Daisy put the bonnet on and she looked so sweet and demure with the satin strings tied under her chin that Martin fell in love with her all over again.

"The mention of weddings set Martin blushing, poor fellow. There was a snag about his courtship. He had not been brought up in any religion. He was willing enough to go under instruction, though, and as I knew the lad I sent him along to Father Ryan. The Father took him through the Apostle's Creed but he got stuck at the resurrection of the body. He came and told me about his difficulties.

"'I grant you,' says he, 'that we may have bodies in Heaven—new ones, but we can't have the same

bodies. That's impossible. Why, our dead bodies turn into elements that go to make other bodies for other people. How can you make it that it will be the same body?"

"Identity's a mysterious thing," I told him. I was wondering how he would be taking the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament if he was like that over the miracle of our poor bodies."

Mr. Michael had the estranged look again in his eyes. "*Se dat suis manibus*," he murmured. (Latin is Mr. Michael's mother tongue. He has no knowledge of the profane classics and to him it is a sacred language.) "Gave Himself with His own hands."

A bicycle bell sounded outside and brought my old friend to earth. He pulled himself together. "Well," he said, "the lad didn't get any further in his instruction. Father Ryan suggested that I should take him on. 'It's not pride,' I told the Father, 'the boy just wants to understand what he's agreeing to. I'd rather it stuck a bit than that it slipped down too easily.' 'He's got to stop knowing better than the Apostles,' says Father Ryan. So I used to say a word to Martin sometimes when I weighed out his mother's tea. The shop was quiet in those days; but I didn't get him any for'arder. And as it was a question of Daisy or no Daisy I knew the lad was genuinely stuck.

"Well, toward Christmas time they started getting up a play at the church. It was for the St. Vincent de Paul funds and the young people had a great time over it. It was what is called a period play and the period was mid-Victorian. A lady—name of Abernethy—had the managing of it. She was one of those women who are equally nimble with their fingers or their wits. She could make a utility pinafore out of an old curtain or a neat answer to any argument you chose to put forward—one as easily as the other.

"There was a great business over the costumes. 'Oh, Miss Myrtle,' Miss Abernethy said to Daisy, 'that bonnet of your grandmother's would be the very thing for Mrs. Miff' (Mrs. Miff was one of the characters in the play). Miss Abernethy had been to see the Myrtles and, like every other visitor, had been shown Granny's bonnet that she wore at her son Tom's wedding. 'Do you think your grandmother would lend it to us for a night or two?' she now asked Daisy.

"Daisy was perfectly sure that Granny wouldn't lend her bonnet. Not she! She couldn't bear the bonnet, or rather the bonnet box, out of her sight. But Miss Abernethy was not to be daunted.

"Well then," she said, 'couldn't we borrow it without her knowing? You could get it out while she was asleep.'

"But Daisy didn't rise to the suggestion. It sounded dishonest, and she didn't like it. She shook her head.

"You could tell her that you'd taken it away to freshen it up," said Miss Abernethy.

"But it's been freshened up," Daisy said, 'I put in a fresh bit of ribbon only the other day. The silk covering's quite good, and the strings; and I couldn't say I was going to freshen it up if I wasn't. It would be an untruth.'

"But Miss Abernethy wasn't going to be beaten. She had one of those subtle minds that theologians have, asking their pardon. 'But you could freshen it up,' she said, 'if your grandmother did want to see it and asked questions—all the same I'd wait till she did—then you wouldn't have told a lie.'

"But Daisy continued to be difficult. 'It would be just the time that she would be wanting to see it,' she said. 'The play's to be on the day after the Epiphany and that's the day when Uncle Tom was married. I wouldn't like her to know that it was out of the house.'

MISS ABERNETHY nearly gave it up only it wasn't in her make-up to give in. 'Look here,' she said, 'if you could let me have your dear old Granny's bonnet now I could copy it and make one like it. It would be quite easy if I had the model. And if she *did* miss it, I could freshen it up with a new bit of stiffening wire perhaps round the shape and you could tell your little story with quite a good conscience.'

"Well, Miss Abernethy got round Daisy. The new proposition would save Granny's bonnet, the one that went to her son Tom's wedding, from desecration, anyway. (Mrs. Miff was a definitely comic character.)

"So the deed was perpetrated while its owner slumbered. Granny Myrtle's bonnet was abstracted from its bandbox and delivered over to Miss Abernethy.

"Well, I don't suppose there was

any particular reason why Providence should have favored the transaction. The very day after the removal of Granny's bonnet from its home the old lady called Daisy.

"I'd just like to have a look at my bonnet," she says, 'I'm not sure that the strings were folded properly last time you took it out. They shouldn't be allowed to get crumpled.'

"Poor Daisy was fairly put to it. 'Can you wait a bit, Granny,' she says, 'there's just a bit being done to it?'

"What's being done to it?' her granny asked, sharply. Then Daisy fell. She had come to the end of her tether, poor child.

"I'm having a new crown put in," she says—'behind the lining. The lining's quite good and so is the silk covering and the trimming, but the crown wants seeing to.'

"Well, Providence took pity on poor Daisy, although she had anticipated the truth, if I may put it that way. Granny took it quite well. 'I wore it for the first time at your Uncle Tom's wedding,' she said. 'The crown might want seeing to. It was forty years ago.'

"The immediate danger was over, but Daisy was in a great state of mind. She was a conscientious little creature and as the bonnet was away at Miss Abernethy's how was she to turn the untruth into a truth? That subtle-minded lady suggested the process. Before Granny got her bonnet back it would have to be provided with a new crown. Daisy's conscience would only be saved when she had achieved the renovation.

"Daisy sought Miss Abernethy out that very same afternoon. She found her in the best of humor. The good lady had been busy making a duplicate of Granny Myrtle's bonnet and all the artist in her had risen to the occasion. There was no reason why the bonnet should be an exact replica—isn't that the word?—of the other, but Miss Abernethy had determined that failing the original, upon which she had set her heart, she should have an exact reproduction of the mid-Victorian headgear. With the aid of an old black silk petticoat she had even achieved the faded effect without exaggerating it. The two bonnets were as like as two peas.

"After Daisy had duly admired

them she recounted her story to Miss Abernethy. She told her of Granny's ill-timed desire to inspect the bonnet and the direful situation which had compelled her to tell what up to the present moment remained an untruth. 'I've told her a fib,' Daisy said, 'and it's the first fib that I've ever told in my life.' She started to weep.

"Now Miss Abernethy wasn't at all a bad sort. She felt really sorry for

about putting in new crowns,' she said.

Then Miss Abernethy behaved like a real sport.

"'Oh, that can easily be done,' she says. 'You can leave that to me.' The place was strewn about with bits of buckram, or whatever you call the stuff that they make bonnet shapes of. 'If you leave the bonnet here and come back later I'll put a new crown into it for you, and in that case you

encouragement from Daisy's people. Her father didn't approve of Martin's having no religion, and of course he was quite right. But the boy *had* got religion, only he had the sort of mind that has to either get the hang of things or turn them down. He and Daisy were pretty well matched as far as consciences were concerned. That very same evening he had been in my shop for some soda that had been forgotten. 'It's no good, Mr. Michael,' he said, 'I simply can't swallow that about the resurrection of the body. It's no go. It's the question of identity that does me in.'

"Daisy had confided to Martin how she had been drawn into telling her granny a fib. Martin, being made as he was, was rather afraid that it might have been a fib. He knew that all girls told white lies, but with Daisy the habit would be a blot on the pure mirror of her soul. He cordially upheld the motive for the latest renovation of Granny Myrtle's bonnet.

"Miss Abernethy greeted the pair cordially. She led them into what she called her workroom. 'Now your conscience can be quite clear,' she said to Daisy, 'for I've put an entirely new crown into your Granny's bonnet. You can show it to her behind the old lining.'

"'I put the lining in fresh the year that Dick had the measles,' Daisy said. She thanked kind Miss Abernethy—the dear soul was looking a bit tired—as she put out her hands to take the bonnet from her.

"Miss Abernethy smiled, archly, 'but this is not your Granny's bonnet,' she said, 'it's the one that I've copied from it.'

"'Well, 'pon my word; I'd never have known the difference,' Daisy declared.

"'Now I'll go and get your Granny's bonnet,' says Miss Abernethy, and she went over to a cupboard, 'Well, now, wherever can it have got to?' they heard her say. The next minute she turned around and her face was quite pale.

"'It isn't there,' she said. 'I do hope that they didn't clear it away with the things that were sent to the old clothes man!'

"Daisy gaped at her with horror, and Martin felt terribly sorry for Daisy, and also for poor Miss Abernethy. As for Miss Abernethy, she flew out of the room to interview the



Miss Abernethy took a long look at each bonnet

Daisy though she didn't agree with her scruples about telling the truth and nothing but the truth; she was really sorry to think that she might have got her into trouble with the old lady.

"'I must have the bonnet, please,' Daisy said, 'and I must put a new crown into it before I take it back to Granny.' Her poor little face lengthened, 'I don't know much

won't have told your Granny a fib.'

"It was really good-natured of Miss Abernethy, for she had spent a good bit of time making the other bonnet—she had made it shape and all—and she might well have been fed up with the job.

"Daisy took Martin with her when she went to fetch the bonnet that same evening. Poor Martin, he was still hanging on. He didn't get any

woman who came in to clean the place, who was still on the premises. She returned looking more upset than ever.

"I'm desperately afraid it has gone," she said. "The sack has been taken away. The man called this afternoon."

"Daisy listened, staring at her, speechless. Martin muttered 'Gosh!' or whatever was the prevailing substitute for profanity. Then Miss Abernethy's natural gift of looking on the bright side of things asserted itself.

"But isn't it providential," she said, "that I made the new bonnet so exactly like the other. You can take that one back to your dear grandmother and she can have it instead of her own."

"But that won't be the same thing," Daisy objected. "It won't be the one that she wore at Uncle Tom's wedding."

"But she won't know the difference," Miss Abernethy said.

"But there *will* be a difference," Daisy persisted. And she repeated, "It won't be the one that she wore at her son Tom's wedding."

"Miss Abernethy turned in despair to Martin, but Martin was made the same way as Daisy. He agreed that it wouldn't be the same thing—not even if Granny thought that it was her own bonnet. 'It would be like playing a trick on her,' Daisy said, 'worse than borrowing the bonnet.'"

"Well, after that Miss Abernethy went out and had another hunt for the missing bonnet. Daisy made a frantic appeal to St. Anthony, pointing out that a mere key wasn't in it with a bonnet like Granny's. Miss Abernethy returned, empty-handed. St. Anthony was taking his time. Poor Miss Abernethy did her best to persuade Daisy to take the other bonnet, but Daisy was firm as a rock.

"Granny would be fair mad if she found out," she said, "and she'd know, right enough."

THINGS were at this deadlock when St. Anthony intervened. Miss Abernethy was called from the room by the exultant voice of Mrs. Crimp, her domestic assistant. She hastened out quickly, carrying the bonnet that wasn't Granny's in her hand. A few moments later she returned, and this time she was holding a bonnet in each hand. Granny's bonnet had come to light. I forget

exactly where they found it, but there it was.

"The triumphant lady held up her hands with a bonnet perched on each.

"There!" she said. "Now you can take Granny's bonnet home to her."

"Daisy gazed at the twin objects.

"But which is Granny's bonnet?" she asked.

"By way of reply Miss Abernethy took a long look at each. She knitted her brow. 'Well, to tell you the truth, I hardly know myself,' she said.

"She set the bonnets down on the table and examined each in turn. Her cheeks reddened. 'You see, I made a new crown for the bonnet,' she said, 'and I'd been making the other, and it's very difficult to remember which of them had the lining with a stain on it. While I was about it I put a new lining into Mrs. Myrtle's.'"

"She passed her hand wearily over her brow. Poor Miss Abernethy!

"Daisy had a look at the bonnets next; but not for the life of her could she identify Granny's. If one may say so respectfully, St. Anthony appeared to have been in a hurry and bungled the thing a bit.

"She set each one down in turn and wept, quietly. 'I can't tell which was the one that Granny wore at Uncle Tom's wedding,' she moaned. 'That's the one I must have.'"

"Then it was that Miss Abernethy did justice to her resourceful wits.

"For matter of that," she said, "neither of the bonnets went to your Uncle Tom's wedding. There isn't a spot of stuff or a stitch left of the original bonnet. The crown that I took out was the last remaining bit of the bonnet that Mrs. Myrtle first wore forty years ago."

"Daisy was rendered speechless by Miss Abernethy's logic. She could not deny the facts. She herself had furbished up the old bonnet, and her mother had done so before her. But she was far from being convinced. She turned to Martin in the forlorn hope that he might be able to help. But Martin was likewise without speech. He appeared to be thinking hard, and the products of hard thinking are sometimes beyond expression.

"It's a question of identity," Martin said, at length. He said it solemnly, 'and identity is a very mysterious thing.'

"Then the situation cleared.

"Just a minute," says Miss Abernethy. She picked up one of the bonnets and took a long sniff at it. 'Camphor,' she says. 'I always use naphthalene. This is Mrs. Myrtle's bonnet.'

"Then she added, with her widest smile, 'the one that went to her son Tom's wedding.'

"And she meant it, too, in spite of her wide smile, and what she'd been saying about it before. 'That's right,' says Martin, and he meant it.

"Well, that settled it; but Daisy couldn't make out what had come over Martin. He was giving himself to thought. Very quiet he was all the time that he escorted her home.

MARTIN came into the shop next day and told me all about it.

"I'm going under instruction again, Mr. Michael," he said. 'I've got over my difficulty. I mean about our bodies being the same body.'

"You see," he says, taking his hat off and rubbing his head, 'Identity's a very subtle thing. (I had told him that some time before.) No one could dream of saying that the bonnet that Miss Abernethy made had been to Uncle Tom's wedding—now, could they? That's plain as a pike-staff, isn't it?'

"Of course they couldn't," I agreed.

"Well then," says Martin, 'there's the difference. There's something in old Mrs. Myrtle's bonnet that makes it keep its identity that isn't the shape or the trimmings.'

"He eyed me challengingly. 'It went to her son Tom's wedding, all right,' he said.

"Well," Mr. Michael concluded, "it went to another wedding, that bonnet. They managed to get Granny Myrtle out of bed and into a wheeled chair and she attended Martin and Daisy's nuptial Mass. The bonnet had a new white feather for the occasion, that didn't interfere with the psychological link."

Mr. Michael suddenly became cautious. "Mind," he said, "I'm not saying that the analogy is correct from the theologian's point of view, but it helped Martin over his difficulty; and the Lord may not be as precise as the theologians when there's a soul to be made to see the truth. It was your saying that I could get something mystical out of a bonnet string that brought the story to my mind."

The Siege Mentality

By EDWARD A. CONNELL

SOMEONE has said that a Divine injunction has ordained that Ireland shall not attain its full freedom too soon, because Catholicism will then be in grave danger throughout the world. Now there was no attempt on the part of the person who offered this opinion to be paradoxical. His point was that the entire twentieth century would be a battleground for the preservation and the revivification of the Faith, and that the sons and daughters of Eire—sturdy, aggressive, and still in fighting trim because they would be also waging the old thrilling battle for the emancipation of their homeland—would be the shock troops of the Church in the great fight for something bigger and finer than national freedom.

I do not attempt to pass judgment upon this rather interesting thought. I certainly will not dare to uphold the idea that heavenly legions have enrolled in the camp of the Orangemen of Ulster when I talk with my mother, because I strongly suspect that this very devout but very stalwart daughter of the Kerry Cliffords will scotch the notion with one withering blast.

But I think that this whole matter of Ireland's great task, the task of her children throughout the world in this, the most momentous of post-Reformation centuries, forces a consideration of issues fraught with seriousness but gay and glittering with the possibility of high adventure. The passage of events since Martin Luther swung his hammer lustily against the church door has served to give credence to the familiar statement that "first the Church, then Christ, and finally God" would be the sequence of attack by those who have been severed from the throbbing organism of Western Christian civilization. The Protestant Reformation may be cited as the attack upon the Church, seventeenth and eighteenth century skepti-

cism as the attack upon Christ, and nineteenth and twentieth century atheistic Communism as the attack upon God.

In reviewing the strategy of the enemy and his accomplishments thus far, we must admit that attacks one and two have completely failed. The Church is alive, and the power and influence of the Divine Son of God can hardly be tabulated by the enemy under the heading, "objectives destroyed." But I began with strange prophecies concerning Ireland and to these I must return.

But first, a word about the so-called "siege mentality" of Catholics in this country. I have always suspected that this charge is but a bit of roundabout accusation directed principally against those Catholics who are inclined to enter the arena of religious controversy with arms swinging and who are but a few generations removed from the Land of Saints and Scholars. According to our genteel critics, both within and outside the Church, we of the siege mentality have a "complex," and *that*, my friends, in this day and age of

Dale Carnegie and "success" courses at \$25.85 (complete) is a mighty dangerous and "antisocial" handicap.

They say that those Catholics afflicted with the siege mentality are, by their "attitude," perhaps delaying and obstructing the spread of the Faith in the United States. Our siege mentality, we are informed, functions somewhat as follows: Mr. A, a non-Catholic, makes the statement that the Church has always been the enemy of intellectual progress, a drag upon scientific advance, and an enslaver of men's minds. Whereupon, we of the siege mentality, bristling and pugnacious, immediately and vigorously deny the statement, and often we not only crisply and curtly make our denial but also severely question Mr. A's sense of perspective, his knowledge of history, and his spirit of objectivity.

Thereupon, Mr. A. enters into that dreary state known as "hurt feelings." We have been too brutal and abrupt, we are told, and a potential convert has been lost. Our critics maintain that we should have answered Mr. A by admitting the fact that "occasionally, the Church has, perhaps, impeded intellectual freedom, but these cases are microscopically few." We should then, throwing a friendly arm over Mr. A's shoulder, with all the grace and aplomb of a Y.M.C.A. secretary when he calls you "old man," admit that there *are* two sides (not the right and the wrong but "right number one" and "right number two") to every controversy and recommend to him a good Catholic book for his edification and instruction.

I must confess that I have been guilty of using this latter technique and, in fact, have actually written a most luscious appeal to Catholics to change their controversial tactics. But on reading this article two years later, I find that my theme was simply this:



give way on all fronts for the sake of "better understanding." And I blush when I think of St. Thomas at the dinner table of the French king pounding his enormous fist on the board and shouting "that will settle the Manichees!" Or when I try to imagine St. Dominic worrying about "better community feeling" when the important issue at stake was whether Christ was the Son of God or a glib stump speaker.

The truth of the matter is that we of the siege mentality do not bristle just because our religious beliefs are challenged. We bristle, as all normal persons will, when doubt is cast upon fundamental truths, when it is not a matter of *opinion*, but a matter of attack upon beloved things. Sometimes to answer charges calmly would be like trying to answer a statement that one's mother was a menace by replying: "A good deal of what you say is true, my friend. My mother is mean and cruel and vicious, but did you know that her virtues far outweigh and surpass her vices? Let me tell you of the night last summer when she took us all for a nice ride to the beach and bought us popcorn."

The Catholic Church has *not* been guilty of intellectual persecution. There are no "two sides" to this question. The Catholic Church has *not* been a "consistent opponent of democracy." There are no "two sides" to this charge. And those Catholics who insist that there are "two sides" may know some history and certain facts concerning this pope or that cardinal, may know that the publication of a certain book was prohibited in a certain year, but one thing they do *not* know—and that is the Catholic Church.

The Church is, of course, definite and positive on certain important matters such as birth control and euthanasia and adultery and the living wage. And it is decidedly interesting to note that today, in an age of worldwide persecution of the Church, the most insistent attacks from anti-Catholic and anti-Christian sources are made upon so-called "Church teachings" which are not Church teachings at all, and comparatively little attention is being paid by Church-baiters to those teachings which have the official sanction of the Church, the *imprimatur* of Christ, acting through His earthly representative.

A MONK LISTENS

By Sister Mary Adelaide, R.S.M.

Soft pools of sun, poured from rough walls of clay,
Light up the bare oak board at which monks pray
Before a meager fare of coarse black bread
They share, while with God's word their souls are fed.
One hears the lector's voice, unused to speech,
Bring sanctity within his daring reach;
His face of peace, a lighted cameo,
Becomes with resolution's strength aglow.
Then from the darkness of his circling hood
Deep tranquil eyes he fastens on the rood
That for him holds all heaven here below,
And all the love his virgin heart may know.

Far be it from me to insinuate that we should dispense with reason in defending the Church. But our Nice Nelly civilization of "public relations counsels" and the soft answer has insidiously projected the notion that Reason is always clothed in soft phrases and saccharine words and long-winded harangues and statements guaranteed not to hurt anyone's feelings. The curt answer, the explosive reply, the crushing retort—ah, say our apostles of cream-puff controversy—all *that* is sheer emotion. "We Catholics of the twentieth century" wrote J. G. E. Hopkins in an article in *THE SIGN* "have allowed ourselves to be enveloped in the polite blanket that smothered the fire of nineteenth-century controversy, the convention that we are all ladies and gentlemen and that we must not raise our voices in the drawing room. There is no one today who would preach a crusade; fancy what people might think!"

I have heard the Gaelic defenders of the Faith in New England in the old days when a Galway accent was not only a social handicap but a sheer economic liability. And I have heard the answers of the Sheas and the Donovans and the Murphys to attacks upon the Faith. And these answers were not only invigoratingly adequate but, I am sure, served to convince the Church-baiters that this strange entity, the Catholic Church, must have a strong appeal when it was defended so warmly and vigorously. Today, it is considered quite all right to defend one's Alma Mater, home town, political party, or views on the size of the Supreme Court,

with considerable vigor and warmth, but the Church—ah no, we must be tolerant and mild about that. What would people think?

Constantly, since the Protestant Reformation, the position of those who attempt to justify that tragedy has grown increasingly more complex and untenable. And they no longer walk under the stars on a clean, straight road. They have gone deeper and deeper into a tangled maze of sophistry where paths cross and interlace crazily and they cannot tell at any moment where their faltering steps will next take them. Their challenges are not direct and clear because they are principally occupied in trying to extricate themselves from a maze of rationalization and contradiction and their own bewilderment has made them "tolerant." But all of this is no justification for those who walk on the straight road, who see the Great Objective, answering as though they, too, were in a maze.

The most complete Christian reply to an unchristian remark was given in a gravel pit in Boston about fifteen years ago and if the reply sounds familiar I insist that it has been modified and altered and assigned to persons other than Mike Kelly who originally made it, shortly after he came here from lovely Bandon in old Cork. The well-educated engineer who was supervising the job and who was highly entertained by Mike's brogue, leaned over the edge of the gravel pit and said: "I have decided to accept God." And Mike spat on his hands, looked up, and said: "And sure now, won't God be gratefull!"

Woman to Woman

by Katherine Burton

Married Women and War Work

MONTHS AGO leaders in the Church voiced their opposition to women who had small children taking jobs outside the home unless it was necessary. Many a mother has been forced to bring up her children by her own efforts and it is to her honor that she has done so. But she did not get such honor or glory in a patriotic sense when she left her children at home while she worked outside. Now she does, and I don't see why—at least while we have countless women not at work—young ones who have no responsibilities at all, or older ones who have no children or whose children are grown or fairly grown.

Lately the Episcopal Church has voiced its objection to this wholesale employing of women, saying among other things, "the best nursery school is no adequate substitute for a family home." To that the National Association for Nursery Education has its answer. Women, they say, will inevitably have to work on war production programs, because of the special skill of some of them. Fine, I say, if they use up all the special skills of the unmarried and older first. Also, they claim, because of the housing shortage in war plant areas. This I simply don't understand. If there is room for children in a small space, is there not room for the mothers too? Or are they to get out and work so there will be room for the children?

"The working mother is no new thing," says the association. Of course she is not. But this time women who ordinarily would not work are doing it because there is big money to be made and also because it is more interesting than staying at home.

A Case in Point

THIS MONTH the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in its series "How America Lives," has a family with a working mother in a war plant. It is also a Catholic family and looks like a very nice one. There are four children, the eldest twelve, the youngest seven. The mother went to work some years ago when her husband was ill and her youngest only two. Evidently the need has passed and her husband is at work again, though his present job is not so lucrative as hers.

She works seven days a week, from seven to four, her husband five days, so that he helps at home and evidently is very good at it. The family is buying war stamps and bonds. They are a good honest family, but they are certainly far from typical, for few women could keep up such a schedule.

In the first place she must be very strong. Seven days a week, with not one day off, would sap the strength

of many women with no home duties at all. And there are other significant statements through the article, such as, "living costs are up sharply and Mary no longer is around to do the baking and thrifty use of left overs." And one even odder, from the mother, "It's a good thing for a woman to get out and do something away from her family. You get irritable sticking with housework, especially with a lot of children. You can't stay home brooding over the kids. It works out better."

This is a most unfortunate statement. Many a woman will read it and proceed to do something about it. And we will have some more of that sad phenomenon of our day: children with keys hung round their necks, so that they can go alone into their homes, while parents work.

There is another unfortunate statement. The family of five spends thirty dollars a week on its food. Even in days of high prices, this seems an astonishing amount, and this, too, might put ideas in the head of many a woman, bored, tired of child care, of making a little go a long way, and she will take an outside job when there is plenty of work inside.

But the chief objection to the article is that it may induce women who ought to be at home to go out and find work. Surely it is no more humdrum to be running your own house than it is to "put finishing touches to cylinders that hold the bullets in revolvers," which is what this woman does for eight hours seven days a week, standing at her work. But the gay, colored pictures, the general contentment, make it look as if she were doing a few carefree shots for a Hollywood movie.

The Government's Idea

EACH PROBLEM must of course be solved on its merits. This one has—at least to some extent—been solved. But in general I string along with the church leaders and not with the National Association for Nursery Education, in not seeing any need—not now anyway—for young mothers to leave their children and make munitions. And I find that the churches and I get agreement from our government. The Division of Education, Health, and Welfare in Washington says that there is a fund which can be tapped if ever there is need of caring for such children during the working day, but makes very clear how it feels about the whole matter by stating, "The first responsibility of women with young children, in war as in peace, is to give suitable care in their own homes to their children, and, in order that established family life may not be unnecessarily disrupted, special efforts to obtain employment in industry of women with young children should be deferred until full use has been made of all other sources of labor supply."



SIGN POST

• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Galileo and Church

OUR PARISH MONTHLY says that Galileo "in spite of all the misinformation about his persecution by the Church, was and remained to his death a Catholic." How could he continue to be a Catholic, if he had been excommunicated for promoting a heresy? Does not his being declared a heretic for expounding a true science explode the Church's doctrine of papal infallibility?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

Galileo's defense of the Copernican system, that the earth revolves around the sun, not vice versa, did not amount to a demonstration, but only to a probability. But he acted as though it were a fact. He went beyond natural science and ventured into the field of biblical interpretation, which caused him to be cited before the tribunals of the Church, which declared his teachings false and contrary to the Scriptures. He was declared "suspect of heresy" because he violated his promise not to teach the Copernican theory as a fact, and to abstain from biblical exegesis.

He was first warned, and later subject to merely nominal imprisonment, for failure to keep his promise. It does not appear that he was declared excommunicated at any time. Excommunication does not ordinarily make one cease being a Catholic, but deprives him of certain precious benefits of good standing in the Church, until he repents. In other words, excommunication is generally medicinal rather than punitive.

It is admitted that the Sacred Congregations were in error from the scientific viewpoint, and also the two Popes who approved their decisions, but the latter did so in ordinary, or routine, form. They did not intend to teach *ex cathedra*, which is required for the exercise of papal infallibility. The Cardinals and the Popes were not in advance of the scientific knowledge of the time; they were trying to preserve the Scriptures from attack. Even the great astronomer Kepler was condemned by the Lutheran University of Tubingen because of his support of the Copernican theory. There is certainly no argument against papal infallibility in the Galileo case.

Catholic Attempting Marriage Before Minister

(1) A CATHOLIC MAN married a Protestant woman in her church, but now goes to confession and communion in his own church. Is this right? Is he not in the eyes of the Church "living in sin"? (2) Could they be married by a priest without pledging their children to be brought up in the Catholic faith?

(1) The Sign-Post does not attempt to decide the merits of actual cases like this, but only to indicate the principles involved. Catholics who either before or after marriage in the Catholic Church go before a minister of religion to give or to renew their matrimonial consent are subject to the penalty of excommunication, absolution of which is reserved to the ordinary of the diocese. The fact that the Catholic party receives the sacraments publicly is presumptive proof that he has repented of his sin and been absolved, and has separated from the other party, or has married her in the Church. We can hardly suppose that he is doing this while living in an invalid marriage.

(2) It belongs to the local pastor to investigate the invalid marriage and see whether it can be validated according to Canon Law. The Church always insists as a condition for a dispensation from the impediments affecting Catholics and non-Catholics, whether the latter are baptized or not baptized, that both parties seriously promise to baptize and educate all their children exclusively in the Catholic faith.

Guerrilla Fighting

IS GUERRILLA FIGHTING as conducted in Russia and other countries invaded by the Axis nations morally wrong? In the April issue of THE SIGN the reviewer of Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down" questioned the morality of such fighting.—FALL RIVER, MASS.

Guerrilla, according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, is a term used to denote war carried on in any irregular and unorganized manner. The position of irregular combatants was one of the subjects dealt with at the Hague

Peace Conference of 1899, and the rules there adopted were reaffirmed at the conference of 1904. These rules provide that irregular bands, in order to enjoy recognition as belligerent forces shall (a) have at their head a person responsible for his subordinates, (b) wear some fixed distinctive badge recognizable at a distance, (c) carry arms openly, and (d) conform in their operations to the laws and customs of war. Exception is made in case of the inhabitants of an invaded territory, who have not had time to conform to the above rules, provided they carry arms openly and respect the laws and customs of war.

In the light of the above, guerrilla fighting is legitimate if conducted by recognized belligerents. It follows that it is not lawful, if conducted by nonbelligerents, that is by civilians not members of belligerent forces. In international law it has always been considered a crime to kill noncombatants directly, for it was not against them that war is directed, but against the armed forces. Noncombatants on their part could not lawfully kill the enemy.

Removing Stations

IF THE STATIONS of the Cross are removed from the walls of a chapel during its renovation, is it necessary to have them again canonically erected in order to gain the indulgences?

"If for any reason the crosses are removed, but restored again to their places, neither a new erection nor the blessings are required to gain the indulgences." (*Matters Liturgical*, Wuest-Mullaney, n. 846.)

Remaining Deacon

CAN ONE become a deacon and refrain from becoming a priest in any religious Order?—CHICAGO, ILL.

Canon Law prescribes that the first tonsure and minor orders are to be conferred only on those candidates who have the intention of going on to the priesthood, and who can reasonably be expected to become worthy priests. A candidate cannot be forced to receive Orders, nor prohibited from exercising those he has received unless he is laboring under a canonical impediment or for some other serious reason, in the judgment of the bishop. (Canon 973, Nos. 1 & 2.) No seminary, therefore, may lawfully receive a candidate who is known to be lacking in the intention of proceeding to the priesthood.

Protestant in Purgatory

IF A PROTESTANT DIES and goes to Purgatory, does he automatically perceive that the Catholic Church is the true Church?

All souls in Purgatory have died in sanctifying grace and are therefore friends of God. The religious errors they held in invincible ignorance while on earth are dissipated by the light of truth. They are all members of the Church Suffering, one of the divisions of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Catholicity of Church

WHY IS IT, that after 1900 years only something like twenty per cent of the world's population have embraced the one true religion? Human reason would suggest that, since God in His divine providence personally and visibly established the Church precisely as the ordinary means of salvation, certainly more than twenty per cent should after twenty centuries attain their supernatural end directly through the ordinary means God established. The indirect influence of the Church on non-Catholics, and also the fact that physical universality, or even relative universality, are not needed, do not appear convincing enough to most people who ponder this question.

—BALTIMORE, MD.

Catholic is from the Greek language, meaning universal. The true Church must be catholic because it was established for all men and for all days, even to the consummation of the world. The Church of Christ, therefore, cannot be a particular church confined to one people or nation or region. In the beginning the Church was only potentially catholic; the realization of her potentiality would naturally require the passage of time.

Catholicity can be used in two senses—absolutely, insofar as the Church is spread over the whole world; relatively, in that she outnumbers every other Christian denomination, whether heretical or schismatical. The Catholic Church has both kinds of catholicity. She is spread practically over the whole world. She is everywhere visible and can be found by all sincere seekers after the truth. Though the Catholic Church has but about twenty per cent of the world's population—approximately 350 million—she has more members than any other religious body, Christian and non-Christian, and at least before the war was daily increasing in numbers.

It is not mere numbers that prove her divine origin, but universality with unity—unity in faith, in worship, and in obedience to the divinely instituted hierarchy. These are two marks of the Church that should be convincing to everyone who is searching for the truth.

Why has not the Catholic Church an even larger membership? Our Lord left the propagation of the Faith in the hands of the apostles and their successors—men with human limitations. When they have zeal for the conversion of non-Catholics, the Church usually increases in numbers. When their zeal languishes, the Church does not make progress; in fact, she may even lose some of her members.

But this is not all. There are natural obstacles to the spread of the true faith, as the inaccessibility of territory (this has been almost completely overcome today), the opposition of rulers, wars, catastrophes, and the like. And the devil, whom Our Lord called "the prince of this world," opposes with all his satanic malice the preaching of the Faith and the conversion of souls. Men's selfish passions, also, in many cases prevent the acceptance of the truth, because some of the doctrines of the Church are hard to flesh and blood. Divine grace will not convert the non-Catholic, unless he is willing to be converted, and many who are convinced of the truth of the Catholic Faith do not want to believe. They are free to accept or reject the Faith,

but at their eternal peril. The Church does not use the sword but persuasion, in making converts.

The Church has had periods of loss and gain. The Greek Schism of the ninth century and the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century tore millions of the faithful from the bosom of the Catholic Church. These lamentable defections were due to the pride of the leaders of the revolt, not to the simple faithful. Such is the evil effect of scandal, which Our Lord foretold. The Church made up these losses, however, when the New World and other regions were opened up to the heroic missionaries.

It is always possible to exert more effort in spreading the true faith, both on the part of the missionaries—on whom the work principally depends—and on the part of the laity, who must aid them by their sacrifices and prayers. But how many of the Catholics in this country, for example, are really zealous for the spread of the faith? How many truly desire and labor for the conversion of the Negroes, of whom only 25,000 out of a population of 13,000,000 are Catholics? We fear they are comparatively few. So, you see the human element in the Church has a great deal to do with its progress or recession. God arranges for the increase of the Church, as He does for the increase of the human family, by using human means.

In order to estimate how far the Church of today is realizing her divine mission, it is necessary to know how close the present day is to the end of the world. It may well be that the twentieth century is far distant from the consummation of all things, and therefore the present percentage may only be the beginning of a far greater one. If all heretics and schismatics, who also number about twenty per cent of the world population, were to be united with the Church, about one-half the world would be Catholic. The Church is meant for all men of all ages, and only God knows how near or how far she is from the success He intends her to achieve. A thousand years are as one day in His sight, and one day as a thousand years.

Though the Church of which the Roman Pontiff is the visible head is truly the Catholic Church, and therefore the Church of Christ, there is still much to be done that she may realize her potentiality to an even greater degree. The mission field is still white for the harvest and a constant challenge to the zeal of the hierarchy and the faithful.

Candles During Exposition of Blessed Sacrament

IT IS MY RECOLLECTION that at least twelve candles must be lighted on the altar during benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, but no specific number of candles are required for private benediction. If this is correct, kindly advise where authority for it may be found.

—JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Outside the devotion of the Forty Hours, at least twelve candles of white wax must burn on the altar during public exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the ostensorium. (Sacred Congregation of Rites, n. 3480.) During private exposition with the ciborium, at least six wax candles must burn on the altar. (S.C.R.n. 2957.) The above decisions are taken from *Matters Liturgical* by Wuest-Mullaney, Nos. 370 and 404 (3).

Using Another's Beads

When using another person's beads, would the graces asked for be applied to the owner of the beads or to the person who uses them?—ST. ALBANS, N. Y.

They would be applied to the user, not the owner. The indulgences attached to beads may also be gained by the user, on fulfilment of the required conditions. Indulgences of this kind are lost only when the article is sold or destroyed.

Genuflecting Toward Station

Why is the genuflection made toward the station instead of the tabernacle, when making the Way of the Cross?—PASSAIC, N. J.

It is more in conformity with the prayer usually uttered at the time, "We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee; because by Thy holy cross Thou hast redeemed the world." The cross is the emblem of our salvation and a traditional object of Christian devotion. The Stations consist of the fourteen wooden crosses, not the pictures or images.

Saint Sylvia

Please publish a short biography of Saint Sylvia whose feast is celebrated on November third. Are there other saints of this name?—DEARBORN, MICH.

Saint Sylvia was the mother of Pope Saint Gregory the Great (sixth century). She was held in high esteem by the Romans and regarded as a perfect type of Christian widow. Her son caused a picture of her to be painted for his monastery on Monte Coelio. Few details beyond the above have come down to us. There do not seem to be other saints of this name.

Carmen and Lamont: Women and Head Covering in Church: Fortune Tellers

(1) *Are Carmen and Lamont the names of saints?*
(2) *Why do women have to wear hats when they go to church?* (3) *Is it wrong for a Catholic to go to a fortune teller and believe what she predicts?*—A. T. C.

(1) Carmen (Carmin, Carmine) might possibly be an English variant of Carmel. There do not appear to be any saints with the names of Carmen and Lamont, but they are the names of an opera character of Bizet and a well known New York banker.

(2) According to Saint Paul (I Cor. 11:1-16), it is disgraceful for a man to pray with his head covered and for a woman to pray with her head uncovered. "A man ought not to cover his head, because he is the image and glory of God, but woman is the glory of the man. For man is not from woman, but woman from man; for man was not created for woman, but woman for man. This is why the woman ought to have a sign of [his] authority over her head, because of the angels." The custom of woman wearing an appropriate head covering during sacred functions comes down from

apostolic times and therefore it has the best of sanctions.

(3) The Bible (Deut. 18:10-14) says it is abominable to consult fortune tellers and their like. God decreed that they and others like them were to be put to death. (Lev. 20:27.) Of course, it is a sin of superstition to consult them and to believe in what they say. It is also a waste of money. Gullible persons help to keep such imposters going. *Tell My Fortune*, a pamphlet, reveals the methods and the profits that accrue to these people. It can be obtained from us for five cents, plus postage.

Baptizing Non-Catholics in Danger of Death

(1) A CATHOLIC NURSE employed in the nursery of a Protestant hospital would like to know if she should baptize non-Catholic infants who are sure to die, without the previous consent or knowledge of their parents?

(2) Should she baptize conditionally dying adult Protestant patients who are unconscious? It is a fearful thing to see a patient dying without a word of prayer from their minister or family. If she asked the family about it, they might resent her interest.

(1) Children of infidel parents may be lawfully baptized, even against the will of their parents, when they are in danger of death, and it is prudently judged that they will die before reaching the age of reason. (Canon 750.) The same rule holds for the children of two heretics or schismatics, or of two apostate Catholics. (Canon 751.) Care should be taken, however, that it is done secretly, lest it cause trouble; but it is a work of true Christian charity.

(2) Adults, however, must not be baptized unless with their knowledge and consent, and after they have been sufficiently instructed in the mysteries of the faith, and have been exhorted to be sorry for their sins. (Canon 752, n. 1.) In danger of death, if they cannot be fully instructed in the principal mysteries of the Faith, it suffices for their baptism that they manifest in some way that they consent to it, and seriously promise to keep the precepts of the Christian religion. (Canon 752, n. 2.) But if they cannot ask for baptism, for example, if they are unconscious, but either before or while in their present state, signified in some probable manner their intention of receiving baptism, they may be baptized conditionally. (Canon 752, n. 3.) The condition is, "if you have the intention to receive baptism."

Consequently, it is unlawful to baptize a dying, unconscious non-Catholic, even conditionally, unless he is either certainly or probably unbaptized, and he in some way manifested his intention to receive it. When dealing with a conscious, dying patient, who on being asked refused to receive baptism, or who cannot be approached about the matter, his salvation may be obtained by having him make the necessary acts, or by making them with him. Prayer cards with these acts may be obtained from the Reverend Chaplain, Saint Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, Md., and from the Sisters of Mercy, 1409 Freeman Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Cure of Scruples

HOW DOES ONE overcome scruples? Can you recommend any books on the subject?—CHICAGO, ILL.

There is one efficacious method of overcoming scruples—unquestioning obedience to an experienced confessor. Reading of books on the cure of scruples by those suffering from them cannot take the place of experienced and firm direction. The following are recommended as supplementary reading:—*Scruples—Words of Consolation* by Father Gearon; *The Way of Interior Peace* by Father DeLehen; and *Confidence in God* by Father Considine.

Marriage Before Minister and Priest

I READ that a Catholic actress will be married, first, before a Methodist minister, and later before a Catholic priest. If she does this, will she commit sin? Will she be married?—CHICAGO, ILL.

Catholics cannot marry validly except before an authorized priest and at least two witnesses. An attempt to marry before a non-Catholic minister, acting as such, is a sin which incurs the penalty of excommunication, the absolution of which is reserved to the bishop, as said previously.

Corrine and Lorraine

ARE Corrine and Lorraine saints' names?—PITTSBURGH, PA.

We do not find them listed in our sources. Most likely they are not names of saints.

No "Branches" in Catholic Church

ARE THERE various branches of the Catholic religion? If so, are they the same as the Roman Catholic Church?

There are no "branches" of the Catholic Church. There is a theory held by some Anglicans that the Church of Christ consists of three branches—the Anglican, the Greek, and the Roman churches. This is erroneous. The Church of Christ is one, not several churches. All Catholics are united in faith, worship, and obedience to the Roman Pontiff and to their proper bishops. Though there is unity in faith, worship, and obedience throughout the whole Church, there are differences of rite into—broadly speaking—the Latin Rite and the Oriental Rites; but these differences refer to something accidental.

Married Clergy

IS IT TRUE that there are some Catholic priests who are married? If so, who are they?

The priests of some Oriental Rites are allowed to marry before ordination to the priesthood and to live with their wives afterward, but in no rite are priests allowed to marry after having become priests.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

"Sharing the Burdens"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I heartily agree with the editorial, "Sharing the Burdens," in the October issue, and it occurs to me that when such splendid and forceful matter is in print, copies on single-sheet folders should be printed and laid on the desk of each Senator and Congressman in Washington.

The public is entirely too lax, but if a concentrated and united effort were made, much could be done. A reprint—about 600 copies—of this page would cover the quota.

Permit me to suggest that the next time you have such an article you propose to your readers that it be cut out and forwarded to their Congressman.

Dayton, Ohio

W. L. J.

South American Articles

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN is unquestionably the most informative magazine that I have ever read. I am studying the Spanish language and am reading the illuminating information appearing in its pages pertaining to South America and Spain. I particularly enjoyed the articles written by Ellen Collins.

Of course, I always read THE SIGN from cover to cover, but I simply mentioned the above because at this time South America and its language and the Good Neighbor policy are so very important.

Haverhill, Mass.

MARION E. BARRETT

"Terror Over Hong Kong"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"Terror Over Hong Kong," in your October issue, tells a story of missionary heroism which reminds one of the early days of the Church. In these times when we hear so much of the "softness" of the democracies, and

of a general lack of faith, it is inspiring to read such a story of the courage and faith of our American missionaries. You have every reason to feel proud of the priests whom you are supporting in the work of bringing the Catholic Faith to the Far East. These priests manifest that same courage and devotion to duty which inspires our American soldiers, sailors, and marines. I am looking forward to reading further accounts of their thrilling experiences.

Chicago, Ill.

WILLIAM R. ROGERS

Something For All

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Because it is not restricted in its appeal, as are so many Catholic magazines, to an exclusively intellectual or to a pious audience, THE SIGN is the indispensable magazine in our home. In your October issue, for example, each member of my family found something of particular interest. My husband was most enthusiastic over John C. O'Brien's article on the battle between farmers and the petroleum industry for the privilege of supplying raw materials for our great manufacturing plants. "The Navy Goes to College" appealed to my older son, while my daughters found the fiction—particularly the story by Michael Foster—most entertaining. Evelyn B. Coogan's article on the comics got my vote in our family "Gallup Poll."

Needless to say, the accounts describing the ordeal of the missionaries interned by the Japanese in Hong Kong were of great interest to all of us. No Catholic reader could fail to find inspiration in reading of the admirable courage displayed by our priests under such trying circumstances.

More and more, THE SIGN is justifying the faith of its loyal subscribers. I hope that God will continue to bless your efforts.

Boston, Mass.

(MRS.) MARGARET COLLINS

Banning Comic Books

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished reading "This Funny Business Is No Joke," by Evelyn B. Coogan, in the October issue of your magazine. I am wondering if there isn't some plan that can be effected to drive these comic books off the street and out of the stores. Their effect on young children is appalling. Why couldn't such books be banned in the same manner as indecent movies? Both old and young could take a pledge not to read such trash. There certainly is enough decent literature on the market. Children whose minds feed on reading matter of this kind cannot make healthy and clean-minded citizens of tomorrow.

The parents of German children have to stand by with their hands tied and watch their children being trained in the way of godlessness. But here in America our hands are not tied. Let us do something. Let us act now—not tomorrow—for tomorrow may be too late.

Rochester, N. Y.

MARY V. T. MOORE

"Columbus: Man of Mystery"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In "Columbus: Man of Mystery," Theodore Maynard justifies his reputation as a writer and historian. When

I started reading this article I did not think it possible for the author to do justice to his subject in so short a space. When I finished reading the article, I felt that Mr. Maynard had thrown more light on the subject in a few pages than most authors could have thrown on it in whole chapters.

I have read Mr. Maynard's history of the Catholic Church in America, and I think it would be an excellent idea for THE SIGN to publish articles from his able pen describing the early days of Catholicism here in the United States. Our people—Catholic and Protestant—know little or nothing of our early religious history. Such articles should be especially helpful at a time when we should be particularly interested in the story of the early days of our great republic.

Cleveland, Ohio

J. S. WHITE

Comments and Compliments

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I hope it is not too late to renew my subscription to THE SIGN. Surely you must receive hundreds of comments and compliments on this splendid magazine. It is so compact and complete. Its unbiased reviews on books and motion pictures and plays are not only interesting but helpful, especially the reviews on current books, since public opinion is sometimes very misleading

New York, N. Y.

HELEN A. GRADY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am happy to be able to compliment you and your co-workers on your excellent publication. Certainly God is glorified by it, and certainly the people of this country are proud of such a fine magazine. It is the kind that everyone is searching for, because it is fully Catholic yet absolutely current! This is your great achievement. Yours, because no other magazine has accomplished it with such ease.

Berwyn, Ill.

BERNADETTE KOUKL

The Angelus

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

What is the Angelus? I wonder how many Catholics could answer this question correctly? It was my lot to be stationed in a Catholic community as a teacher in the elementary school. In the school was an old picture of a rural scene, in France I presume, showing poor peasants pausing in the field with their heads uncovered at high noon. What were they doing? No doubt they were praying the Angelus in honor of the Incarnation of Our Lord, the greatest of all the mysteries.

How many in the above mentioned community knew about the beautiful devotion? I doubt if the teacher could have explained fully at that particular time.

The Angelus prayers are not said in France as they once were, otherwise the "Eldest Daughter of the Church" would not be crushed as she is today.

There are few churches, indeed, that could not afford some kind of bell to toll forth to the surrounding countryside praise to the Immaculate Mother of God. Where is the Catholic Christian whose heart would not throb with joy as he listened to his parish church bell peal forth the Angelus to remind him of the Incarnation in

the morning, at noon, and again in the evening. Let us all urge our respective Pastors to restore bells again to our places of worship and find some kind soul ready and willing to ring the bell at the required times.

Union City, Ind.

HERBERT W. WALTER

"The Heavenly Road"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

One thousand copies of "The Heavenly Road" by Rosalie Marie Levy, are being offered gratis to those who may be searching for the true religion.

This book, of 96 pages, proves that Jesus is the Messiah, and that He established a Church, the Catholic Church, to which He desires all mankind to belong.

Send name and address, together with 5¢ to cover cost of mailing, to Miss Rosalie Levy, president, Catholic Lay Apostle Guild, Room 906, 154 Nassau St., New York City.

Only one book will be mailed to any one address, and no attention will be paid to any request unless the same is accompanied by the slight courtesy of the necessary 5¢ to cover the cost of mailing.

New York City

ROSALIE MARIE LEVY

Henry Luce Style!

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Almost from its first issue I have been a cover-to-cover reader of THE SIGN, and for years have considered it a wonderful influence in our home. Hence, you can imagine our great surprise to find the September number dressed up, so to speak, in true "Henry Luce" style. Some said, "Wonder what next—'Man-of-the-year' cover, with kindly Joe Stalin as the subject?" We hope not. If for some reason you find that you just have to copy the almost endless array of pulps which today glare at us from every nook and corner, you may quit sending our copy until such time as the editors may recover a small degree of their Christian common sense.

War, war, war is all that one gets, no matter where he turns. Millions are sick of it. You can do it, so for God's sake give us *Pax Christi!*

Ludlow, Ky.

J. J. D.

Religion and Patriotism

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As a contributor in a small way to the work of your missions in China, I cannot resist a feeling of particular gratification at the present time at the work your priests and Sisters are doing in Hunan. Not only are they bringing the light of the true faith to the pagan Chinese, but by their charity and beneficence to the victims of Japanese aggression they are binding the Chinese to us Americans by the bonds of a lasting friendship. If you can keep up your labors in the mission fields throughout the war, you will have accomplished a glorious work for God and country. In contributing toward the support of your missionary priests and Sisters I feel that we Americans are serving religion and patriotism.

New York City

GEORGE McALLISTER

A Citizen of Two Worlds

By MARY FLORENTIA SCHOUTEN

A CITIZEN may be defined as a member of a state, a person, native or naturalized, who owes allegiance to a government, and is entitled to protection from it. Citizenry may be considered as the mass of citizens distinguished from soldiers. It is the task of education to prepare students to be sincerely, honestly, and genuinely actuated by love of country, so as to be loyal, patriotic citizens.

To accomplish this purpose, true education must neither drive students by the conservative principles, namely, the disposition to preserve what has been established, to maintain existing institutions opposed to change or innovation; nor, by the progressive principles of constant change, do away with the old institutions by calling them out of date, by disregarding the value of the past, and by making the present the end-all of education.

Too much emphasis today is placed on what the child wants; his whims and fancies motivate his actions. If true patriotism is to be inculcated, not the child's present desires, but his future needs and values must be considered. Since free will is so important in human behavior, training of the will should begin early in the child's education. The development of human personality is the goal of both learner and teacher. Because the word *human* includes both the body and soul of a person it is necessary that our educational system take cognizance of both.

Certainly a system of education in existence only twenty years cannot be expected to fill all the needs and solve all the problems by discarding the accumulated knowledge of centuries. Progressive Education insists

"A Citizen of Two Worlds" is the winning essay in a contest sponsored by the New York Region of the National Federation of Catholic College Students on "conservative versus progressive education in the development of a patriotic citizenry."

on self-directed activity, free from a rigid and conservative curriculum, from subject-matter remote from the interests of childhood. Only what the child can use here and now is taught.

Some progressives advocate a curriculum made new every day, depending on the desires of the children on that day. They go too far in emphasizing activity for activity's sake, and in the name of freedom emancipate the children from adult direction and control.

When progressives refuse to stabilize education but insist on constant change, when they are considering training the child for this life alone, they miss the real purpose of education. When they overstress activity to the detriment of the cultural values of the ages, and stress the need for individual experience, ignoring the experience of the past which shows the pitfalls and dangers of life, they obviously overlook the full scope of their work.

The Progressive Educationists hold that the child is to discover and determine for himself the value of truth. Since he cannot discover or determine past values, to him the new only is valuable. Truth is objective, not subjective; it cannot be discovered from within but must be inculcated from without. In progressive education, the teacher is not to exercise authority, but only listen, observe, direct, and advise. She is to create the environment which stimulates the child's desire to create, but how can she simultaneously create thirty atmospheres to stimulate that many pupils, since each child is an individual with distinct and separate likes and dislikes.

Are we preparing youth for prison cells? (All criminals do as they please.) Or are we trying to train a truly patriotic citizenry? Claiming that character is built by doing, by free practice in moral actions and experience, Progressive Educationists disregard the moral principles from which to develop correct behavior. They maintain that a child should be allowed to follow his im-

pulses without restraint, discipline, or guidance. In this way he will naturally develop into an efficient member of society. But on the contrary Edgar Hoover informed us a few years ago that there were over five million delinquent boys from five to fifteen years of age in prisons and detention homes.

We, as Catholics, should not be identified with Progressive Education but should improve our Christian educational system which is a *Via Media* between the Conservative and the Progressive systems. It is true that the Progressives have done a great service in demonstrating that one learns by doing. There is great advantage in the activity program, but preparation for American citizenry must be correlated with preparation for eternal citizenry. The experience of centuries proves that self-restraint is necessary. The maxim, "as the twig is bent, the tree will grow," should make us realize that what we want children to be as adults, we must help them to be by directing their actions during their youth toward the acquisition of desirable character traits.

Christian Education must teach the value of and respect for authority; obedience to immediate superiors; to laws of the state, and to the eternal laws of God. The best education is that based upon the methods of Jesus Christ, and unless we guide children to model their lives on His life we fail to achieve the purpose of Christian education. There should be a definite balanced curriculum, not only meeting the needs of the child now, but preparing him to be a successful citizen later. It is very important that the child receive correct direction and mature guidance while he is acquiring experience, otherwise his future conduct will not be ethically good, socially desirable, or truly patriotic. The child in the Christian educational system must be considered not only as a future citizen of this temporal world, but as a citizen of heaven which is eternal.



Books



A Time for Greatness

By HERBERT AGAR

A Time for Greatness is a ringing appeal to Americans to study their inheritance of traditional institutions and ideals, to strike their breasts contritely for their neglect of the American way of life, and to fight not only to win the war but to win a peace that will insure liberty and justice founded upon a general acceptance of moral responsibility. It is Mr Agar's contention that unless we know the causes that threaten the collapse of Western civilization, and are found great enough to remedy these evils, a military victory will merely postpone the time when the forces of barbarism will finally overwhelm us.

There are many splendid ideas developed in Mr. Agar's chapters. He condemns the error of seeing all human ills as merely economic. Consequently, there is a strong indictment of socialism and communism, along with capitalism's *laissez faire*, for they all confuse aims and methods. Democracy, liberty, and equality, if they are to mean anything, must be based on the Christian concept of the dignity of the human person. Otherwise these very ideas can and do lead to cynicism and barbarism. If capital and labor are to contribute to a better life they must put aside their mutual distrust and see that the principles Thomas Jefferson "laid down in regard to man's relations with his fellows, and which our country adopted, are as applicable to the problem of unions today as they were to the problem of religious liberty in the eighteenth century."

With regard to civil liberty in general and the liberty of the press in particular, Mr. Agar points out an urgent need for Americans to realize that along with the privileges of such liberties there is also an obligation to make them contribute to

the common good. At present Congress is coming in for a great deal of criticism. In an analysis of this situation some sharp things are said about Congressmen and at the same time there is an appreciation of the difficulties under which they work. The remedy suggested is a revival of the originally intended relationship between Congress and the executive branch of the National Government.

The author recognizes the need for a revival of the religious and moral ideals of the Founding Fathers, but he doesn't tell us how these ideals can become motivating principles for a generation that has drifted away from religion and has been trained in an educational system based on materialistic philosophy. But let us hope that Mr. Agar's incisive criticism of the follies of the past will arouse in responsible Americans an awareness of the great tradition that is theirs, and that they will accept the responsibility of this tradition and live according to it.

If the effort and sacrifice necessary to prosecute the war bring not merely military victory but also a rededication of American life to the religious and cultural disciplines upon which our civilization has been built, then we can agree with Mr. Agar's contention that a great good will have been accomplished.

Little, Brown and Co., Boston. \$2.50

Addresses and Sermons

By MOST REV. AMLETO CICOGNANI

Four years ago, a first book of addresses and sermons delivered by His Excellency, Archbishop Amleto Cicognani acting in his capacity as Apostolic Delegate to the United States, was published. The present volume is a continuation of that collection, comprising sixty-five dis-

courses of the most varied nature, delivered throughout the length and breadth of this country.

These discourses are something more than added proofs of the zeal and learning of a prelate already well known to us for these and a multitude of other qualities that have endeared him to all. They are, besides, eloquent witnesses to the steady and vigorous advance of the Church in this country, documenting, as they do, occasions ranging from the blessing of a new high school to the erection of an ecclesiastical province.

The style of composition used is one of dignified simplicity, conveying a wealth of sound teaching and historical information in a clear and interesting way. By reason of both topics and treatment, this work should be a source of information and inspiration to all concerned with the growth of religion.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$2.50

The Road to Victory

By MOST REV. FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN

Somewhat less than a year ago, when the Nazi offensive against Moscow had been driven back by a Russian counteroffensive, the cry went up in Berlin: "We will stem this tide with a wall of blood." What was referred to was the lifeblood of German soldiers. It so happened that the costly barrier proved successful, but there are few real thinkers who do not see the ultimate ineffectiveness of such a defense. Blood that is not animated by a soul cannot long endure, any more than a nation that is not comprised of free men can long endure.

Archbishop Spellman has crystallized and clarified much present-day thought on democracy's intrinsic need of religion for anything like lengthy survival. Our nation, he graphically shows, cannot unleash

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Dear Members:

We are becoming popular. Friends of the Missions who had never heard of the Christmas Club are writing in, asking to be enrolled. And are they welcome!

For the benefit of new readers of THE SIGN, just a word of explanation. This Club collects pennies for the Passionists in China. The pennies are saved in a mite box, like the one pictured above, and sent in to me at the end of the year; or whenever it gets too packed to hold any more. Our motto is: "A penny a day—a prayer a day."

One of our Members wrote in and said that she keeps a mite box on her desk. One of the girls in her office contributes the pennies she gets back when she buys cigarettes; others the pennies received in change from buying newspapers, etc.

Zeal for the Missions will make us ingenious in finding ways to help Christ's missionaries. God bless you.

Gratefully,

Fr. Emmanuel, C.P.

Dear Father: Please send me a mite box and enroll me in your Christmas Club.

Name

Street

City, State

the fullness of her might until we, as a people, are inspired by the fullness of what is right. With unanswerable logic, he proves that the soul of a nation's culture is, first of all, the culture of the nation's soul; that a national morale is meaningless without national morals; that collective holiness is the only road to collective happiness.

This book, the work of an outstanding American prelate, reflects what is or what certainly should be the attitude of every American Catholic—a determination for victory not only in the theater of war but in the theater of ideals. The generous sympathies of the author, his far-sighted recommendations for the future, and his patriotic spirit make this work an especially timely and acceptable one.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.75

Social Wellsprings

Edited by JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

The Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI that deal with moral and social questions are edited in two volumes by Father Husslein. He has not only made them accessible, but also arranged them in such a manner as to make them attractive and interesting. He gives the background of each document and adds footnotes for the better appreciation of the text. This is something for which the average reader will thank him. These two volumes form a basic library of authoritative Christian teaching that should be learned and put into practice by all men of good will. Volume I contains fourteen Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Volume II eighteen Encyclicals of Pius XI.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. Vol. I, \$2.50; Vol. II, \$4.00

Diary of a Washington Correspondent

By DAVID LAWRENCE

If you are looking for "inside information" on men or events of importance to the Washington scene during the two years (May 1940-May 1942) covered by this "diary," you will be disappointed. In fact, the author provides neither facts nor analyses that have not already appeared elsewhere and are accessible even to the casual reader. This book is chiefly a record of Mr. Lawrence's criticism of New Deal policies, and as such it has its value. The unbiased

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reader, however, will feel that many of the criticisms are inspired by the author's conviction that little or no good can come from an administration headed by Franklin D. Roosevelt. All in all a rather disappointing book from a correspondent of Mr. Lawrence's ability.

H. C. Kinsey & Co., New York. \$2.75

Face to the Sun

By A. R. McGRATTY, S.J.

The Nationalist-Communist struggle in Spain which raged from 1936 to 1939 was the occasion for more false reporting and canards than any debacle in the memory of this reviewer. The war was labeled with

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The Religious House, Dept. SIGN
333 S. Market Street, Chicago, Ill.

every misnomer possible, while at bottom it was no more than a conflict between Communism and Catholicism.

Face to the Sun is a trenchant fictional narrative of that stupendous struggle between right and wrong. As a novel it has stature and weight. The author has been hiding his light under a bushel—he is a master of plot, characterization, and imaginative creativeness. This much every intelligent reader will discover.

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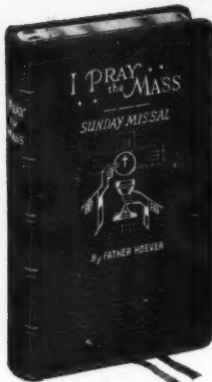
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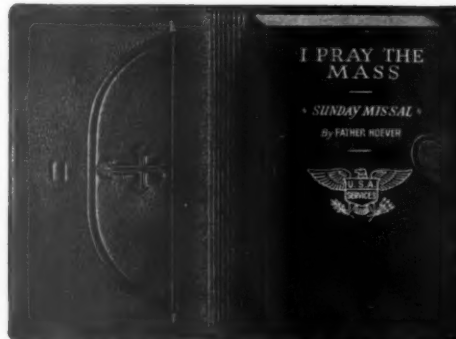


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PRAYER

33

on us. For Thou only art holy: Thou only art the Lord: Thou only, O Jesus Christ, art most high, together with the Holy Spirit ✠ in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

The Priest kisses the Altar, and, turning to the people, says:

P. The Lord be with you.
S. And with thy spirit.



At the right side of the Altar he says:

P. Let us pray.

PRAYER

● Turn to — PRAYER — Today's Mass. ●

After having read the Prayer, follow the ARROW (→) and continue to read Epistle, Gradual, Alleluia or Tract.

The Priest returns to the center of the Altar and, bowing down, says:

Prayer **CLEANSE MY HEART**

CLEANSE my heart and my lips, O Almighty God, who didst cleanse the lips of the Prophet Isaias with a burning coal; and vouchsafe, through Thy gracious mercy, so to

Illustrating actual page of "I Pray the Mass."



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